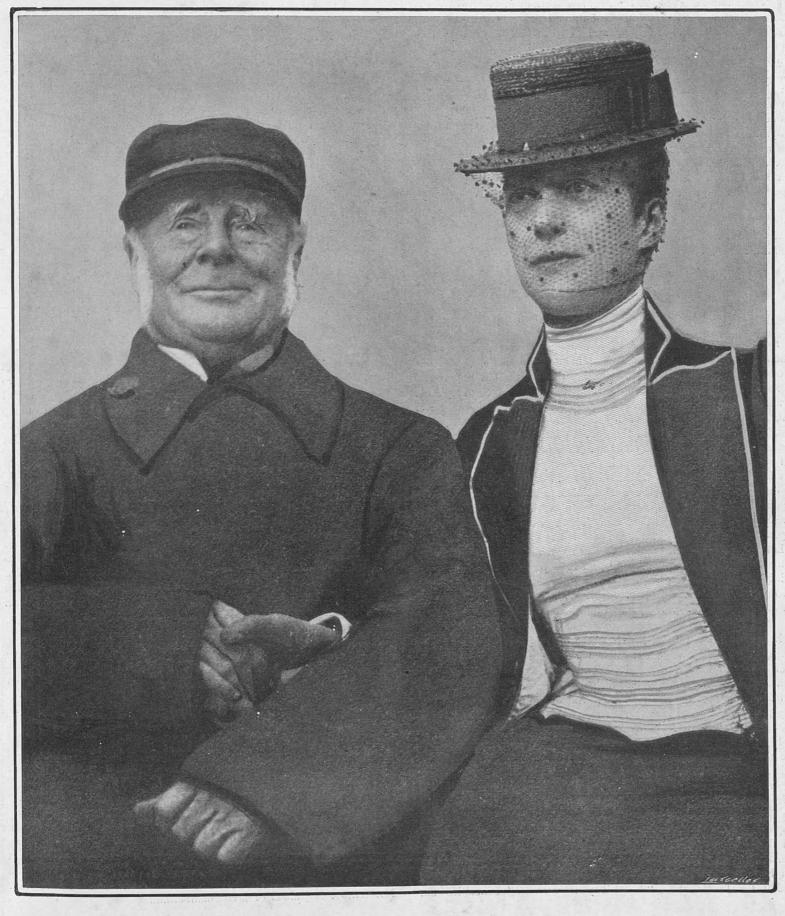


No. 573.—Vol. XLV.

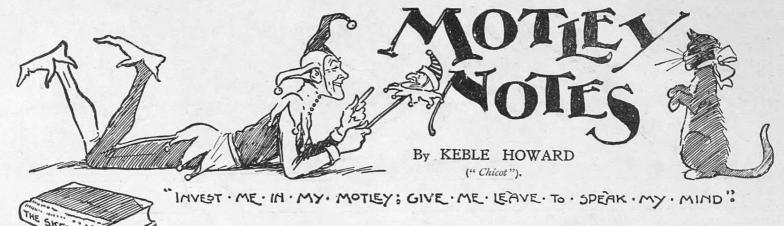
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATE ADMIRAL KEPPEL AND THE QUEEN: FROM A PRIVATE PHOTOGRAPH.

(See Page 6.)



The Sketch Office, Monday, Jan. 18.

HE man of the hour in the world of journalism is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. Proprietor of six daily newspapers, Chairman of the Tariff Reform League, and Vice-President of the Tariff Reform Commission, he might well pose as the central figure of a sculptured group to be entitled "The Hustlers." On his right would stand Mr. Chamberlain, the eye-glass dimmed with a tear of emotion; on his left Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, gently patting his successful rival on the top of the head. The background would be composed of prone, bleeding, dishevelled figures, typifying Free Traders and proprietors of penny morning papers. I commend the subject to the attention of Mr. Brock or Mr. Frampton. The group, when completed, should be purchased by the nation and placed at Temple Bar. It would face, of course, towards Fleet Street and the City. Fathers from all over the country would bring their small sons to gaze upon it; American visitors to London would chip pieces off it; weary journalists, fagging past it at two in the morning, would cool their aching brows against the base. The younger among them, doubtless, would take on their cuffs a shorthand note of the motto-

"How do the little busy bees
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

Speaking seriously, though, Mr. Pearson has every cause to be proud of himself. If a man makes up his mind to hustle, he may just as well be the first hustler of the world as the fiftieth. It is perfectly evident, too, that he was born to hustle; the life of contemplation so warmly advocated by our old-fashioned friend Aristotle would never have suited the Editor of the Daily Express. "Despite his strenuous past," says the Daily Mail, in the course of a generous tribute, "and the exacting and responsible character of his present work, journalistic and political, Mr. Pearson looks, if anything, younger than his years. His face has almost a boyish rotundity and freshness of complexion; his energy is tremendous; he works, walks, talks with a rapidity that suggests that he is counting every fleeting second." Mr. Pearson, in short, is quite an exceptional man. Those of us who do not happen to possess such wonderful vitality are too apt to speak a little scornfully of hustling. We sometimes declare that the life of hustle is not worth living, that there is no real satisfaction in it, that "works done least rapidly Art most cherishes." When we speak like that, we are talkingif I may use an Americanism-through our hats. We might as well jeer at a prize-fighter on the ground that he cannot knit socks.

In my notes last week, I spoke of the terrible overcrowding in the profession of typewriting, and made a brief extract from a pathetic letter that had been forwarded to me asking for work. This week I am able to throw a side-light on the distress that prevails in artistic circles by quoting from a letter sent to this office by the publisher of a daily paper in Rotterdam. Our correspondent writes on behalf of a young artist. "His terms," he says, "are very moderate, as one must live! Being a constant reader of your weekly, I believe his scetches have some resemblance with those of Phil May. Hope you will excuse me if my supposition is not at all true!! He doesn't care for money, and says that a couple of shillings will satisfy him. He is willing to come over to London for one, two, three weeks, months, or years, just as you like." Think of that, you bloated, sleek, prosperous black-and-white men! A sketch having "some resemblance with those of Phil May" for a couple of shillings! And the moral of that is, if you want to keep up your palatial studios, your motorbroughams, your hunters, and your shooting-boxes, don't forsake London for Rotterdam. "What's your excuse?" concludes our correspondent. My very dear sir, we have no desire to make excuses. But do not, we beg of you, send us the artist before submitting specimens of his work.

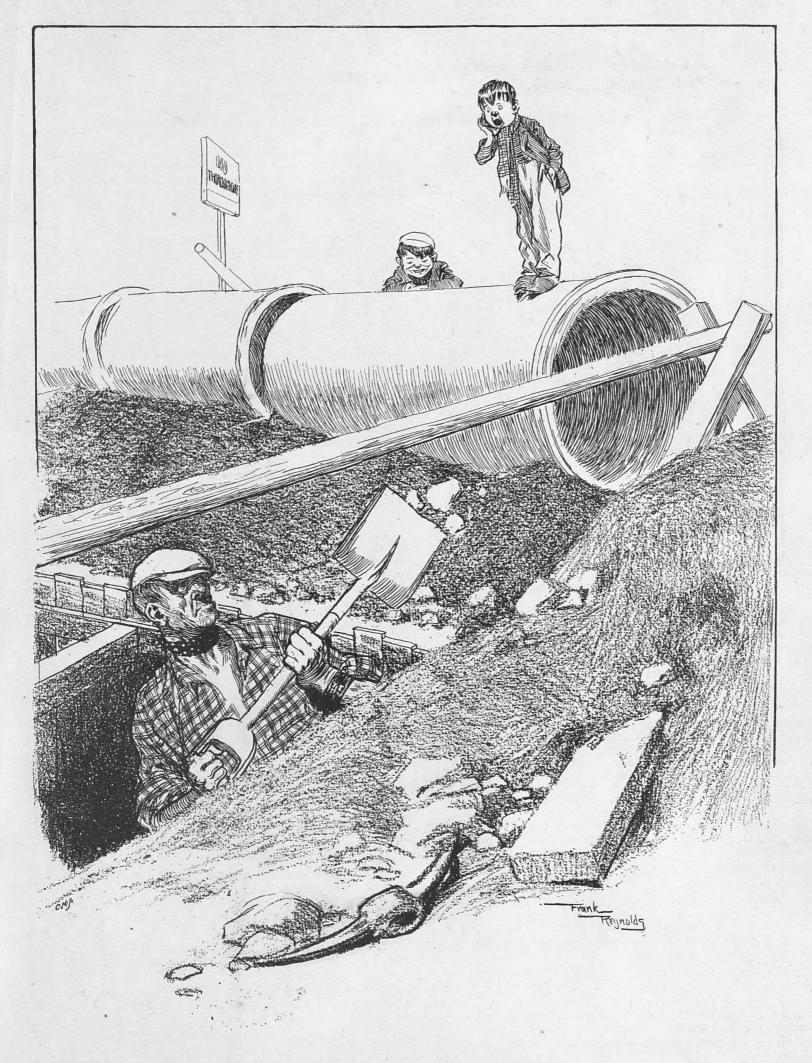
A writer in a contemporary congratulates me on my resolution to give up shaking hands. "'Chicot' will be pleased to hear," he says, "that simultaneously with his declaration of independence comes the statement of a Belgian man of science that hand-shaking is absolutely dangerous to the health, and that in half-an-inch of the palm of the hand there are eighty thousand microbes." Well, I admit that the statement interests me, but I cannot say that I am altogether pleased with the theory. To tell the truth, I have found that my attitude is not feasible. Certainly, I have managed to avoid, during the past few days, the grip that mangles, but, for all that, I have complied with the custom some two hundred times. It is far easier to shake hands, I have discovered, than to shake off a confirmed habit. A few of my friends, considerately enough, have put their hands behind their backs on my approach. One of them, indeed, tantalised me greatly by putting them into his pockets. For the rest, I have been running the gauntlet of those million microbes as carelessly as ever. . . . One would like to know, by the way, whether the Belgian man of science can suggest any antidote for the necessary evil. Or is it possible, I wonder, that he is a merely mercenary fellow and has a substantial interest in the glove trade?

I paid a visit, one evening last week, to "Madame Sherry" at the Apollo. I am sorry that I cannot endorse the enthusiastic reports of the piece that appeared in some of the daily papers. The music, to be sure, is tuneful enough, but the "book" is woefully thin and lacking in humour. Tomfoolery, it seems to me, is allowed to usurp the place of wit; vulgarity, very often, masquerades as smartness. Is there anything amusing, for example, in the spectacle of a husband and wife drinking greedily over a dinner-table? Speaking personally, the scene did not appeal to me in the least. I could only regret that so much money and care had been expended on a musical farce of so meagre a quality. Mr. Mark Kinghorne, a comedian of real talent and telling personality, is quite thrown away in the part of a Puritanical Laird, and Miss Florence St. John has no opportunity, so far as I could see, of exploiting her proved ability. The best performance of the evening comes from Miss Norma Whalley, who sings the "Dirk" song with great spirit. It is a pity, though, that she should have to burrow beneath her clothes, at intervals, for the dagger carried in her garter. May I suggest that she might, with greater convenience, stick the dirk through her belt?

These few remarks notwithstanding, I am not a dramatic critic. I am simply a playgoer, with tastes of my own and feelings of my own. Speaking as such an one, therefore, I congratulate Mr. Bourchier on the very generous way in which he has apologised to Mr. Walkley. That he made a mistake when he excluded the dramatic critic of the *Times* from the Garrick Theatre everybody recognised; that he has atoned for his error, and very pluckily, everybody will admit. The critics of London are a numerous body, and it is possible that, among their number, there may be some who foster dislikes or who have schemes of their own to forward. I can vouch for it, however, that the majority of them are honest, hard-working journalists, eager to praise when they are pleased, and bold enough to blame when they are displeased. Mr. Walkley, of course, holds a leading place among them, partly for the reason that he represents a great paper, still more on account of his witty pen and brilliant critical faculty. It is just as absurd to say that Mr. Walkley bears malice against any particular dramatist as it is to assert that Mr. Balfour is jealous of Mr. Chamberlain.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON THE "HIDDEN TREASURE" BOOM.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

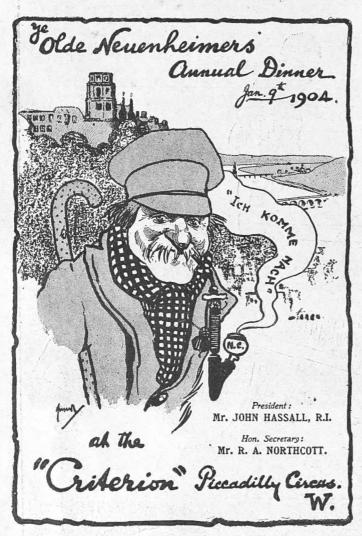


"HI, BOSS! YOU'VE JUMPED MY CLAIM!"

THE CLUBMAN.

The Fight at Jidballi-What a Battle Against Savages is Like.

THE Battle of Jidballi was very like most other fights against African or Asiatic troops who trust to a sudden charge more than they do to their newly purchased rifles. The old formation and the old tactics which have been successful against Zulus and against the Fuzzy-Wuzzies have been successful again against



A MENU-CARD DESIGNED BY JOHN HASSALL.

Abdullah's men; the old formation of a square, which is retained in the drill-book as a concession to the unscientific methods of savages who do not know that they ought to be killed at a

distance of eighteen hundred yards, has justified its right to last out another edition of the fat little red book, and the Sikhs have proved that they are as steady as the best troops to be found in any quarter of the world.

We shall have before long full details of the battle, but the usual incidents before such a fight and during its continuance are these: There is a restless night, with very little sleep for anyone in authority, for orders have to be given out; there is the packing together of stores to be left behind; there is the noise of restless animals moving as the transport is marshalled; there is the very early meal, the inspection of ammunition, the advance in the grey of the morning over a desolate tract of country, sand or bush or swamp, with the force gradually getting into its fighting formation as it reaches the line up to which the ground has been searched by the scouts, and beyond which anything may happen at any moment.

The square by now has been formed, four solid walls of infantry, with the ammunition-animals and the grim paraphernalia of the hospitals in the centre, and as a cloud before it go irregulars mounted and dismounted, whose business it is to set the quarry afoot, and then to draw away like curtains, leaving the brunt of the battle to the steadier fighters. One force of mounted men canters away on a flank to make a detour and to cut off the enemy from the line of retreat he would like to use, and another force of mounted men moves well clear of the square, in reserve, ready

to harry the beaten enemy when he shall have flung himself upon the square and shall be driven back in a direction he would not choose.

On the square moves slowly, sometimes halting so as to keep its exact form, and messengers and orderlies from the screen of men in front come galloping back to the General, who, with his Staff, moves where he can keep all the parts of his fighting-machine under his hand. The infantry, marching steadily along, see black dots bobbing about before them a mile away, the young officers begin to think that nothing will happen, and the youngest of them all is sure to opine that the beggars have made a bolt of it during the night, when a crackle of musketry breaks out in front and the fight has begun. It is all a matter of a few minutes now, for the black dots are in violent movement ahead, the rifles are spitting in a constant crackle, and a cloud of dust, with something grey and white and black below it, spitting flame as it comes, is rolling along swiftly towards the square.

The General moves his square on to the best ground that he can reach in the time at his disposal; the mounted men, in close formation, circle away so as not to interfere with the fire of the infantry and to be ready to turn the check of the enemy into a rout; the black dots in front sweep away to right and left like tossed corks—all, except a few which are caught by the cloud of dust and go under; and then a clear voice in the Company of the front face furthest down-wind calls out the distance, and the sharp bark of successive volleys begins.

In the dust, dark things jump up and fall, and the coming wall breaks like a wave, comes on, breaks again, swirls and turns, and in a few minutes all is over, the mounted men are streaming along parallel to the beaten enemy, and in the square men are looking to see who has gone down, and suddenly know that the sun is terribly hot, that their clothes are soaked with perspiration, and that it is a long, long time since they ate or drank.

Mr. John Hassall, R.I., one of the most popular of *Sketch* artists, is this year's President of the London Sketch Club and of the Old Neuenheimers' Society. On the 9th inst. the Old Boys of Neuenheim College, which is situated at Heidelberg, met at the Criterion to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the foundation of this institution, the oldest British College on the Continent, and during the evening a telegram of good wishes was received from the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. Hassall designed the menu-card, on which can be seen Heidelberg Castle and the River Neckar.

The publication, a few days ago, of Part I. of Mr. Thomas Hardy's drama, "The Dynasts," is one of the literary events of the year, and not merely one of the month. That the play, which Mr. Hardy clearly indicates is not to be considered as conceived for stage-performance, will be widely read goes without saying; but it is equally likely to cause a feeling of keen disappointment amongst those of his admirers who have been patiently and anxiously waiting for another addition to the unexampled. "Wessex" romances, and another series of keenly etched portraits of Wessex folk, than whom none are more interesting or in this material age more quaint. Part I. of "The Dynasts" introduces the reader to the commencement of Napoleon's ultimate domination of Europe. In the whole play there are to be some nineteen Acts and about one hundred and thirty scenes, with more than a hundred characters.



MR. THOMAS HARDY, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, IN HIS STUDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

Photograph by Mr. Clive Holland.

THREE INTERESTING EVENTS OF LAST WEEK.

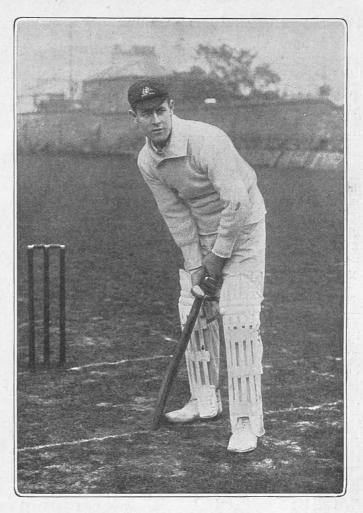


FIRST MEETING OF THE TARIFF REFORM COMMISSION:

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Unanimously Elected Vice-Chairman.

(See "Motley Notes.")

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



THE THIRD TEST-MATCH: VICTOR TRUMPER,

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN, SCORED 113 RUNS IN THE FIRST INNINGS
AND 59 IN THE SECOND.

Photograph by Bolland, Hanwell, W.



THE SCENE OF THE FIRE IN PICCADILLY LAST WEDNESDAY, CAUSED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE GAS-MAINS AND THE FUSING OF THE ELECTRIC-WIRES. (SEE "THE MERE MAN.")

Dan Leno, Harry Randall, Herbert Campbell, George Bastow, H. J. Ward, Arthur Conquest, Marie George, Louise Willis, Ruth Lytton, Ethel Negretti, &c.

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3.5 n.m.

3.5 p.m. MONDAYS ONLY.—From Hastings 8.15 a.m., Bexhill 8.31 a.m., Seaford 8.40 a.m., due at London Bridge 10.20 a.m. London Bridge 10.20 a.m. From Victoria 5.20 p.m., due at Seaford 6.50 p.m., Bexhill 7.1 p.m., Hastings 7.18 p.m.

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Jan. 20, 1904.

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THE LATE ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

THE news of the passing away of Admiral-of-the-Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel on Sunday last in his ninety-fifth year was received with universal regret. Though he actually retired from the Service as long ago as 1879, the name of the "Grand Old Man of the British Navy" had, by a special Order in Council, remained at the head of the Active List. Sir Henry was born in 1809, six years before the Battle of Waterloo and only four years later than Trafalary. A son of the fourth Farl of Albemarle years later than Trafalgar. A son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle and a grandson of the famous Admiral Keppel, he came of an and a grandson of the lamous Admiral Reppel, he came of an ancient Dutch fighting stock, for his ancestor came over with the Prince of Orange's expedition in 1688. The veteran sailor joined the Royal Navy as a boy, and many years after served with distinction in the Crimea, as Commander of the Naval Brigade, and in Chinese waters. He lived during the reign of five British Sovereigns, and fought for three during his term affoat. Despite his advanced age, Sir Henry had enjoyed good health and the full possession of his faculties until the middle of last week when he had a guidden break faculties until the middle of last week, when he had a sudden breakdown, and rapidly grew worse, the end coming on Sunday afternoon, in the presence of several members of his family. By their Majesties his loss must be keenly felt, for both were exceedingly fond of the old Admiral, who was a frequent and honoured guest at the various Palaces and aboard the Royal Yacht.

Lady Jeune has fluttered the social dovecotes concerning the modern Society woman's extravagance in dress. She says that her dressallowance when she first married, then considered ample for a young matron, would now hardly pay for her petticoats, her gloves, her shoes, and boots. In those same Arcadian days—that is, presumably, some thirty years ago—a young girl, even when going out a great deal, thought herself passing rich on a dress-allowance of a hundred pounds a-year. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in Lady Jeune's strictures. The advent of the millionaire from South Africa and from America has altered the whole standard of spending, but there must still be many women and girls in the most exclusive set who simply cannot spend a small fortune each twelve months on their clothes. is still bad taste, for instance, for a débutante to be overdressed, and nothing could be simpler, though no doubt each item was costly, than the costumes worn last spring by the smartest débutante of the year, Lady Marjorie Greville. What is true, and it is strange that Lady Jeune does not make more allusion to the fact, is that dressmakers and milliners have much raised their prices, and this, of course, makes a difference to even the most modest dress-allowance.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS JANUARY 23.

"JOSEPH ENTANGLED,"

AT THE HAYMARKET.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE GUILDHALL.

EXPANSION OF RUSSIA. THE

RAPID STEAM LOCOMOTION: TESTS IN GERMANY.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JANUARY 23.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



MALL TALK of the

Lady Marjorie's Bridegroom.

Lord Helmsley, who will soon be twenty-five,

is Lord Feversham's grandson and heir, and his mother, who will now presumably be known as Muriel, Lady Helmsley, is one of Lord Shrewsbury's beautiful and clever sisters. She married en secondes noces Mr. Hugh Owen. Lord Helmsley was at Christ Church, where he showed an interest in movements for the social improvement of the people, which he has since maintained and extended. He is a fine man to look at, and his face, if not exactly handsome, is full of earnestness and sincerity. Already he has undertaken political work, earnesiness and sincerity. Already he has undertaken political work, having become Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Selborne at the Admiralty. He is, by the way, the brother of the Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett, and, of course, the beautiful Ladies Duncombe are his aunts.

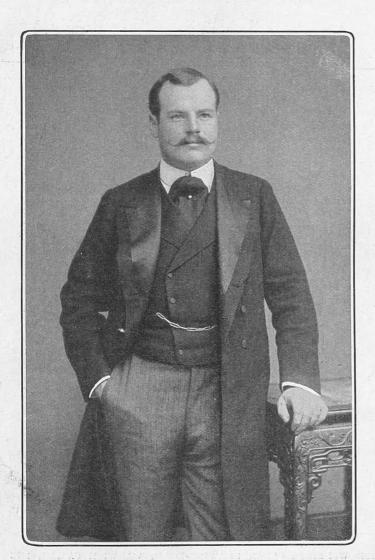
A Schoolmaster-Bishop. The Bishop of Southwell, who is retiring from his see, which he has held for twenty years, belongs to the group of Schoolmaster-Bishops of whom the late Dr. Temple and the late Dr. Benson were remarkable examples.

Dr. Ridding ruled Winchester School for sixteen years, having been Second Master for four years, and having been on William of Wykeham's Wykehamist; his only mistake was to go to Balliol instead of New College. Under his reign Winchester produced many good men, including the present Lord Selborne, who had the uncommon experience for a schoolboy of seeing his Headmaster fall in love with and marry his prictor. Lord Laure is both clover and sharping as is not well in Lady Laura is both clever and charming, as is natural in a sister. Lady Laura is both clever and charming, as is natural in a daughter of the eminent lawyer-churchman who held for so long the Great Seal of England. She made herself very popular, first at Winchester, and later in Nottinghamshire, where she and the Bishop entertain largely at Thurgarton Priory, the episcopal residence. The Bishop is a curiously many-sided man. At Oxford he was a rowingman, now he is devoted to coin-collecting, while eight years ago he was aboven President of the Notts Cricket Club. was chosen President of the Notts Cricket Club.

may be doubted whether any mar-riage since that of Lord Rosebery and Miss Hannah de Rothschild has aroused such interest as that of Lord and Lady Warwick's only daughter to Lord Feversham's grandson and heir. The beautiful Countess, is nothing if not original, early decided that the wedding should take place from the famous Castle whose history she wrote only the other day, and that the function should be more or less a family affair. Prominent among the pretty bride's selected group of attendant maidens were her own first-cousins, the daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland and of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and the

house-party gathered together this week at Warwick Castle is entirely composed—if certain bridesmaids, such as Lady Marjorie Manners, be excepted, and, of course, their attendant chaperons—of the nearest members of both families. Lady Marjorie's wedding-gown hails from Paris, Wonderful Frocks and Frills. but the bridesmaids, whose costumes one up-todate chronicle of fashion has discovered each cost

thirty pounds, are examples of London design and taste. As for the trousseau, it is mainly of British make, and has given Lady Warwick an opportunity of patronising many of the industries to which she is so devoted and which she has done so much to promote.



LORD HELMSLEY, THE BRIDEGROOM. Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



LADY MARIORIE GREVILLE. THE BRIDE. Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

The correspondence of "my dear Devonshire" and "my dear Chamberlain" has amused all " Joe" and the Duke. and "my dear Chamberlain" has amused all politicians except the very gravest. Although they "my dear" one another, they are very blunt and even acrimonious in their language. The struggle over the Liberal Unionist Association can end only in one way. It is admitted that Mr. Chamberlain, with the aid of Mr. Powell Williams, who was recently appointed Chairman of the Management Committee, has captured the Liberal Unionist Duke.

THE WARWICK WEDDING: ST. MARY'S, WARWICK, THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY. Photograph by L. C. Keighly-Peach, Stratford-on-Avon.

machine, and that, if it is to be run at all, it will be in his interest. Rather than see it applied to the manufacture of Protectionism, the Duke would have it smashed. Mr. Gladstone is, in a sense, avenged. The Association which was formed to thwart his Home Rule project has become a cause of acrimonious controversy to its promoters.

After eighteen years the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain After eighteen years the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain resume their former antagonism. Perhaps they were never absolutely sure of one another, and no doubt Mr. Chamberlain, whom everybody calls "Joe" and who says he does not object to the short name, will take pleasure in reviving old gibes as to "the late Leader." The unforeseen circumstance is that, while the Duke returns to the society of Liberals, his early Radical antagonist becomes the pet of Conservatives of what was a quarter of a century ago considered the reactionary class. Strange are the vicissitudes of politics! The Duke is regarded as an old man compared with Mr. Chamberlain, but there is not great seniority, except in Parliamentary life. His Grace is only three years older than the missionary of Empire

and is quite as well-preserved. If politics were a mere wrestling-match, the struggle of these two would provide national entertainment.

Arrangements are being made between the Unionist Free The Duke and the Traders and the Liberals for joint action in the approaching Session of Parliament. The Duke and Lord Rosebery will work together in the Upper House, while in the House of Commons Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil, and their friends are expected in vital divisions to go against the Government. There will be no formal coalition in the meantime, but the allies may come to an understanding as to the General Election. Although Mr. Lloyd-George is afraid of the contamination of Liberalism by Chatsworth, hatred of Protection will lead to the association of strange bed-fellows.

Unless the Prime Minister Mr. Balfour and has a thorough understanding Mr. Chamberlain. with his former colleague, Mr. Chamberlain may object to Mr. Balfour's speech at Manchester on the Fiscal Question. Counsels of patience and moderation may not be acceptable at Highbury. Many of the Tariff Reformers are restive, and are anxious to see a crisis which would be followed by Mr. Chamberlain's elevation to the chief place in the Protectionist Party. Session will test their feeling. Perhaps Party loyalty will prevail.

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's Success.

Sir William Harcourt's son if he is returned for the Rossendale Division. His speech at the New Reform Club dinner to Mr. Lloyd-George produced a delightful sensation, and Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt proved that he had inherited some of his father's qualities. He gave an elegant turn to severe remarks; moreover, he was as merciless and as cool even as Mr. Chamberlain. The wonder is that he has not tried before this

time to enter Parliament, but now, if he succeed, he will get a unanimous welcome from Liberals. Conservatives also will give him a friendly hand for the sake of his father, who has no enemies—

The next Parliament will have a clever recruit in

unless on his own side.

Among the interesting folk to On the Riviera. be seen on the French Riviera now, Mr. Tod Sloan is attracting plenty of attention. He is not troubling himself about Turf matters just now, but devotes his time to the tir aux pigeons. Sloan is really a first-class shot and is expected to compete for all the big prizes. His nerve is, of course, a prominent factor in his success. When you have steered the winners of great races to victory amid the yells of pleased or angry mobs, the comparatively decorous procedure on the grass-plots below the Casino can hardly be embarrassing. M. Santos-Dumont, another interesting visitor to Monte Carlo, has just left.

Rumour in and round Monte The Kaiser. the German Emperor is coming to the littoral. Some allege that he is detained in Germany by the troubles in the Far East, and that so soon as the matter is settled one way or another he will come South. The Prince of Monaco is expected to entertain him, either in the great Castle of the Grimaldis or on his yacht. It is not safe to take these rumours too seriously; in a week or two the date of King Edward's departure will be discussed just as vehemently, and he will have a villa assigned

to him in Cannes, Nice, and other places, without regard to facts. Gossip of this sort is perennial. It does not seem likely that, if the Kaiser stands in need of change of air and scene, he will choose a place as noisy as Monaco for his brief respite from duty.

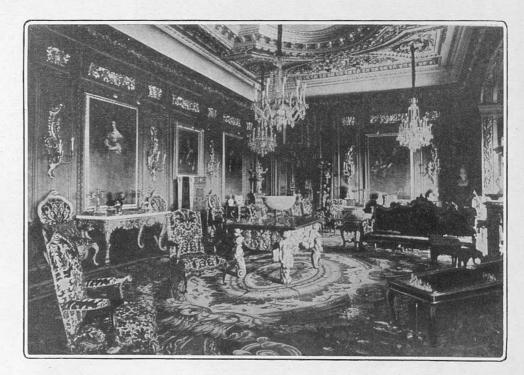
Distinguished Frenchmen.

seen at Nice in the past week. The best-known is the outspoken, bluff, talkative Minister of Marine, M. Camille Pelletan, whose indiscretions at Bizerta and elsewhere have led him into trouble from time to time. Far more retiring, and more capable, too, is M. Delcassé, diplomat au bout des ongles, who came from Paris looking very tired and worn-out, and was recalled to the Quai d'Orsay within the week. It was rumoured in Paris that he was on his way back before he had been two days at

Several members of the French Cabinet have been

came. In the brief period before the news arrived, the Russian agent was buying his Government's securities to support the market.

Nice, and the rumour shook the Bourse very badly until the denial



THE WARWICK WEDDING: CEDAR DRAWING-ROOM, WARWICK CASTLE, THE SCENE OF THE RECEPTION.

Photograph by L. C. Keighly-Peach; Stratford-on-Avon.

and after the brief campaign his kingdom was annexed by Prussia, and he

and his family took refuge in Austria, where they have lived ever since.

Queen Marie was at Gmünden when she was taken ill, and the

celebrated Professor

Schroetter, of Vienna, was at once sent for, and

Deaconess Elizabeth

of Nuremberg, who

generally attends the Hanoverian Royal Family in sickness, was sum-moned to nurse the

The man who,

as Foreign Minister

of Japan, has been responsible for the

negotiations with

Russia is the Baron Komura, who, un-

Queen.

The King and the "Little Season."

The King and Queen will be in town at the beginning of next month for the State opening of Parliament by His Majesty, so that the "little season," as it may be called, which is crowded into the brief interval between the opening of the Session and the beginning of Lent, bids

fair to be full of life and gaiety. There is the Royal wedding to look forward to, and quite a number of humbler yet scarcely less interesting nuptials; while the generally revived interest in politics has moved the great political hostesses to entertain with greater energy than ever. Some charm-ing and accom-plished ladies who have either recently married or whose husbands have but lately come to the front in the political struggle are to make their début as Society entertainers.

The Prince of Wales, too, has his part in the opening of Parliament. His Royal Highness will be present at the Ministerial dinner

LADY MARIORIE MANNERS. Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

years of age, her life at the time of writing was despaired of. The Queen of Hanover, who was born on April 14, 1818, was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, and was married in 1843 to the King of Hanover, who was a grandson of George III. Unfortunately, when Prussia forced Austria into war in 1866, the King of Hanover took the losing side,



LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER. Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

THE WARWICK WEDDING: TWO OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

which Mr. Balfour will give the night before in Downing Street. The Prince, with the Princess, will also attend the brilliant reception which Lady Lansdowne will give at Lansdowne House. This customary reception has hitherto been given by the Duchess of Devonshire, but This customary now that the Duke has resigned, it is, of course, natural that it should be given by Lady Lansdowne, in view of her husband's position as Leader in the House of Lords. Two days after the opening of Parliament, the Prince and Princess have promised to attend the

Skating Fête and Ice Carnival at the National Skating Palace in aid

of that excellent institution the Union Jack Club.

like the Prime Minister, has never been a soldier. After he had completed his Minister, has never been a soldier. After ne had completed his education in Japan, Baron Komura went to the United States to acquire the ways of the Western world, and on his return home became a translator at the Law Courts. He was, however, very soon transferred to the Foreign Office, where he has remained ever since. During the war with China he was attached as Diplomatic Adviser to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, and when the Japanese required Mancharia he was made Covernor of the province. occupied Manchuria he was made Governor of the province. After the war, Baron Komura became Japanese Minister at Washington, going successively to Seoul, St. Petersburg, and Pekin. He went to



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE. Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.



VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY, MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM. Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

THE WARWICK WEDDING.

A Queen in Exile. The ex-Queen of Hanover, who nearly sixty years since married King Ernest Augustus of Hanover, a first-cousin of Queen Victoria, caught a severe chill about ten days ago, and, as she was only a few weeks short of eighty-seven

China immediately after the "Boxer" rising, and from Pekin he returned to Tokio to take up his present important post. He is a very skilful negotiator and is on the best of terms with the Russian Minister, Baron von Rosen.

When politicians speak of "the Duke" tout court, The Duke of The Duke of Norfolk. They mean the Duke of Devorshire; but when Roman Catholics speak of "the Duke," they mean the Duke of Norfolk. And the two Dukes are not unlike in character and position. They both have solid, steady ability rather than brilliant intellect; they are both extremely rich and transparently honest and conscientious; and each one has long been at the head of an old and influential family or clan. The Duke of Norfolk, whose wedding-day is approaching, was fifty-six last month, and his most modern title is older than the other Duke's dukedom. He is premier Duke and Earl, Earl Marshal, and Chief Butler of England. He is one of the most rapid speakers now living and it is said that no shorthand of the most rapid speakers now living, and it is said that no shorthandwriter can keep up with him for long. As Postmaster-General he worked hard and accomplished some useful reforms, in spite of the Treasury, while his action in serving in the South African War made a great and salutary impression in Vatican circles at the time.

Mr. Yerkes-whose name, by the way, should be Mr. Yerkes. pronounced as if composed of two syllables-is one of the great American millionaires whose personality has stirred even lymphatic London, for, should he carry out his scheme for making our Underground "clean, cheap, and fast," he will indeed have conferred a boon on those who do the business of the world. Mr. Yerkes made his great fortune in a comparatively short space of time. Twenty years ago he was quite unknown, and he is fond of stating that at no time during his early working life did his salary

MR. YERKES, "THE RAPID-TRANSIT KING." Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

exceed sixty pounds a-year! Of course, in his own country Mr. Yerkes is known as having created a revolution in tramway — or, perhaps, what we should call light - railway—management. Locomotion is his hobby, the one subject in the world that supremely interests him, though "the Rapid - transit King" is a connoisseur and one of the most enlightened of modern art-patrons. He is fond of being painted by the leading portrait-painters; one of the best of his counterfeit present-ments is by Jan Van Beers, who also did a charming full-length winiature of Mrs. Verkes. He has also been painted by Benjamin-Constant.

A writer in a popular Society paper having asserted that the ordinary tabletalk of these days has

degenerated into the "three D's"—Disease, Domestics, and Dress—a poetical correspondent of *The Sketch* has been moved to express himself thus-

If at dinner, gentle lady, you would entertain a man With the choicest and the best of conversation, You should never rave at Russia, you should quite eschew Japan, You should mention not a Chamberlain oration. You should not allude to politics, to preachers, or the play, Or races on the land or on the river; You see, he takes no interest in topics of the day: He would really rather hear about your liver.

You should start the conversation by alluding to your nerves, Describing your sensations in a crisis; To your heart (if it is weak), your spinal column (if it curves), And your lungs (if you've a tendency to phthisis).

Then domestic tribulations your attention should engage—You should speak, avoiding anything that's risky,
Of the petty depredations of your butler and your page,
Or the passion that your cook displays for whisky.

After dealing with the doings in the servants' hall, you will To dress and fashion turn the conversation: You may chat about a chiffon, you may fume about a frill, You may criticise a rival's new "creation." Thus, passing from your vermiform appendix to your skirt, Employing all your usual sagacity, You'll entertain your neighbour from the soup to the dessert,

Nor tax his intellectual capacity.

Korea has no intention of being wiped off the Korean Stamps. map of the world as a separate State if it can help it. It has realised that the true and distinctive mark of a civilised nation is a set of postage-stamps, and so it has sent to France for the necessary designs. The new stamps are at the present moment on

their way to the Far East, and, unless they are seized as contra band of war, will shortly prove to the world that Korea really is a separate State with a Post Office of its own. The stamps are very prettily designed, but, instead of the head of the Korean Sovereign, are ornamented with the flowers and fruit of the plum-tree. The fact that English is the language of the Far East did not deter the French engravers from adding to the glory of their country by putting the words "Postes Coréennes" across

To be painted by Sargent has really become a necessary qualification for every recognised beauty. What is so rarely the case with a fashionable

the face of the stamps.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, SHORTLY TO BE MARRIED TO THE HON. GWENDOLEN MAXWELL.

Photograph by White and Son, Littlehampton

portrait-painter, Mr. Sargent is admired quite as much by his brother artists as by the world of fashion. Technically he is an American, but practically he is cosmopolitan, having been born in Florence only forty-eight years ago, and having studied much in Italy, Germany, Spain, and in Paris under Carolus Duran. The modern Velasquez, as he has been called, was elected a full R.A. at the remarkably early age of forty-one. For a number of years past his terribly realistic portraits—for he does not hesitate to put the very soul of his sitter on the canvas, whatever it may be like—have been the sensation of each Academy Exhibition.



MR. JOHN S. SARGENT, THE WELL-KNOWN ROYAL ACADEMICIAN. Photograph by Purdy, Boston, U.S.A.

The news that A News Lord Gerard's sister, Miss Ethel Gerard, has become engaged to one of the two adopted sons of the late Baron Hirsch is interesting to E Hirsch is interesting to French as well as to English Society; indeed, the Baron de Forest may also claim to be partly Austrian, for his title to be partly Austrian, for his title was bestowed on him by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and he spent much of his boyhood in the dual kingdom. Like Miss Gerard, the Baron is a Roman Catholic, and the young seconds about form a realizable additional control of the second control of the s couple should form a valuable addition to the Roman Catholic world, where of late so many important marriages have taken place. The future Baroness de Forest is a great sportswoman, a keen rider to hounds, and she is proverbially lucky in the hunting-field. During the last two or three years she has often figured as bridesmaid at smart weddings.

The marriage of Lord Her-bert and Miss To-morrow's Wedding. Beatrice Paget will bring together a remarkable gathering of noted folk, including the newly married Duke of Roxburghe and his American bride—the latter having been also present at Lord Herbert's comingof-age—and every member of the great Herbert clan, headed by the youthful bridegroom's venerable grandmother, Lady Herbert of Lea. Lord Herbert came of age in September 1901, when there were great rejoicings at Wilton. The heir of this ancient and historic

family is a fine, tall, distinguished-looking young man who inherits the remarkably handsome features of both his parents. On the occasion of his coming-of-age he performed with grace and aplomb the difficult duty of replying to the numerous deputations which came with presents and illuminated addresses. The inhabitants of Wilton gave him a fine



THE HON. ETHEL GERARD, ENGAGED TO THE BARON DE FOREST.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

in store. After their marriage, Lord and Lady Herbert will spend a good deal of the summer at Bishop's Farm, near Windsor, which they have taken.

The Chinese Almanack has the largest circulation in the world. The chief mission of the Almanack is to indicate lucky days and places for all acts in Chinese life, and the sale reaches several million copies yearly.

In his "Motley Notes" last Mr. Mulholland Retorts. week, Mr. Keble Howard ("Chicot") felt called upon to rebuke Mr. J. B. Mulholland, owner and manager of the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, for his attack on the London Press in connection with the Chicago fire. Mr. Mulholland has sent the following reply to The Sketch Jester-

Dear "Chicot," — Your remarks in this week's Sketch I have taken to heart—more or less. Your reproof that I championed theatres generally I take very kindly, because it seems to me that the fact of every manager in London pointing out to every reporter that his particular theatre was the safest in the world might be considered somewhat—Please find the missing word.

The morning after the fire, a large number of papers gave terrible lists headed "Theatre Fires," extending back a century and embracing the bamboo and paper structures of China and Japan, as well as the Paris Bazaar, the Hebrew Dramatic Club (London), &c. Yet in hardly one instance was attention directed to the fact that no fatal results had attended any fire in a London theatre for ninety-five years. Now don't you think this was most unfair at a season of the year when a very large proportion of the theatre and in the party large proportion of the party large proportion

this was most unfair at a season of the year when a very large proportion of the theatre audiences are women and children?

Then, certain papers did not stop at news, but unearthed all sorts of alleged facts—generally from anonymous sources—calculated to increase the panic. The Daily Mail, for instance, published the statement of a somebody not named to the effect that "at a small but not unimportant theatre not far from London," in the absence of the gas-man, the entire lights, back and front, including the limes, were worked on a certain occasion by a boy called in from the street. That I publicly stated here I



WHOSE WEDDING IS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (JAN. 21).

gold watch, and his aunt, the Duchess of Leeds, brought a beautiful box of silver and enamel; but perhaps he liked best of all the rifle which his father got for him and the fishing-rod contributed by his brother and sisters. Eton and the "Blues" have so far been the chief stages in his life, and the future probably has a political career

believed to be an obvious falsehood, and I challenged the D.M. to prove it was not a falsehood. This is only one example of the policy pursued by the alarm boomsters, and I do not think there is any question but that the boom which may have increased certain circulations has cost the theatres many thousands of pounds.

I could improve the occasion, my dear "Chicot," at very considerable length, but—'nuff'sed!—Yours very truly,

J. B. MULHOLLAND.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

THE SKETCH.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. There are, I take it, two general occasions on which the writer in a weekly paper should avoid writing about wars in the near future, and these are (1) when war seems imminent, and (2) when it does not. At the moment I am writing, the balance between Russia and Japan has sunk a trifle



THE LATE M. GÉRÔME, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR.

Photograph by Branger and Co., Paris.

But, without talking about war, we may, just for a moment, wonder in concert, you and I, what France would do if things went wrong between these two friends of ours in Manchuria. Japan is our friend and ally, "La Belle France" is Russia's. If our two allies fight, where will the *Entente Cordiale* be? I put the question to a gentleman whose position in the diplomatic world is such that he could answer it, none better, with directness, and, strange to say, that is the way he answered me, although he is a diplomat.

"The Entente Cordiale, in the case you put," he said, "will be a closer one than ever. It is against the interests of both our countries that there should be an outbreak between Russia and Japan. This fact is recognised as clearly in the Quai d'Orsay as it can be in Downing Street, and I may even go so far as to tell you that, should Russia and Japan prove to have need of them, the offices of France and of Great Britain, or of one of these two Powers, are likely to be tendered as Arbitrators in the difficulty. These good offices may possibly be needed, but war will not be declared."

The death of Jean Léon Gérôme removed a notable figure from the art-world of the Gay City. A painter and sculptor of the first rank, in his younger days he had travelled much in the East and in Egypt, and the result was a series of typical paintings which made him famous. The veteran artist abhorred the "Impressionist" school and all its works, and, indeed, anathematised all the modern tendencies of French painting. But his heart often triumphed over his head, and, after abusing an unfortunate student who dared to admire the productions of Puvis de Chavannes, Monet, or Cezanne, he would end up by helping him generously. One of Gérôme's best pieces of sculpture was his bust of Sarah Bernhardt.

The cordial welcome given to M. Curie in London has delighted Parisians, who have quite forgotten the national ill-feeling that once existed. The presentation by the Royal Society of the Davy Medal to M. and Madame Curie, for the greatest chemical discovery of the year, has still further gratified their compatriots. Few scientists are blessed with such a helpmate as is the now-famous discoverer of Radium, who owes not a little of his success to his wife's assistance in his chemical researches.

towards the side marked "peace," and looks as though the mark entitled "negotiation" would be touched in a day or two. Things being thuswise, before the public has this paper in hand the small yellow man who calls us friend and ally may be at the great throat of the Russian bear, whereas, last week, when things looked like war at any moment, the writer who had spoken of war as though it had broken out - and I mean nothing personal to any of our halfpenny daily papers—would, upon Tuesday, have been stigmatised as being yellower even than the Jap himself.

ROME. It is not everyone who can boast of having played the esteemed game of golf within sight of the dome of St. Peter's and alongside the ancient Claudian Aqueduct. Now, however, it is possible for any visitor to enrol himself a member of the flourishing Rome Golf Club and enjoy a really first-class; game on a new course laid out by an English professional, and admire, at the same time, the truly grand scenery which presents itself to view on every side. The Rome golf-ground is situated in a splendid position; it lies between the Via Appia Nuova and the Via Appia Vecchia. It is, that is to say, outside the Porta San Giovanni. The Rome railway authorities have very courteously agreed to stop trains at a station so situated as to allow passengers to alight exactly at the entrance to the grounds. Moreover, the new service of trams from Rome to the Castelli Romani also provides an easy and inexpensive mode of conveyance thither. I am able to bestow distinct praise on the ground as viewed from the standpoint of a golfer. The "lies" will become better with more play. The surroundings are truly superb.

In the distance you have the Albanian and Sabine Mountains; on the one side you have the far-stretching, purple-red Campagna; here you have the lovely Appia Aqueduct, with its picturesque, ruined arches and interesting history of the past; there the famous Tower of Cecilia Metella. And ever soaring up from Rome itself stands forth the beautiful dome of St. Peter's. The Club has as its two Presidents their Excellencies the British and the United States Ambassadors. Mr. De Castro, the American Consul, is the Secretary, and Dr. Flach the Captain.

"Festina lente" is an old adage and a very true one, everyone will admit; still, for all that, it is a very long jump from the time of the heroic Joan of Arc to the year 1904. Pope Pius X. has at last, through his Vatican counsellors and advisers, come to the conclusion that Joan of Arc did really possess the theological and the cardinal virtues "to a heroic extent"; Joan of Arc can now, at last, therefore be called "Venerable."



THE DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM: M. AND MADAME CURIE AND THEIR DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Branger and Co., Paris.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

T is not long since I was reading in my morning paper the loud outcry made by a man from bonnie Scotland against the new Licensing Act that came into force at the beginning of the month. The liberty of the subject was being trampled underfoot, he declared; the rights for which our fathers—presumably the publicans among them—fought and fell were being disregarded. Poor men were suffering grievous penalties, and our corrupt, wicked Government was

giving mortal wounds to the British Constitution. I was so alarmed at the outlook that I began to consider seriously the advantage of becoming a citizen of the United States, where, as Tammany teaches, the free and independent son of liberty does as he very well pleases. At the critical moment, however, I read in my paper that there has been an extraordinary drop in Glasgow's drunkenness since the New Year brought the New Act, and that the Glaswegians are likely to shut their public-houses at ten o'clock to develop the improvement still further. Now I suspect that I caught my fright through listening to the plaint of a publicant who listening to the plaint of a publican who, by some sub-editorial oversight, was permitted to tear a passion to tatters in the columns reserved day by day for dull letters on the fiscal problem that only the writers read and not even the writers understand.

I was delighted to read the speech that Lord Curzon made to the new Maharajah of Alwar when he installed that promising young gentleman in office a week or so ago.
The Viceroy expressed an opinion that all The Viceroy expressed an opinion that all save Little Englanders will share, that Great Britain's Indian States should lend their aid now and again to serve their Emperor

outside the Indian boundaries. It may be remembered, in this connection, that Alwar supplied some very brilliant infantry when Europe called to pay old scores in China over the Legation troubles. It seems perfectly right and just that we should enlist our Indian troops for service in any part of the world, so long as the Indian Treasury is not called upon to pay the cost of their services. If we have another him war in the payt decode we shall have probably be have another big war in the next decade, we shall very probably be fighting for our lives, and, under the circumstances, it will not be necessary, or even advisable, to fight with kid gloves. Our enemies, no matter whence they come, will use the very nastiest weapons and

the very finest soldiers in their service, and it seems quixotic to suggest, as so many of the Little Englanders do, that we must not employ men like the Bengal Lancers or Alwar Infantry because our enemies may take exception to the colour of their skins.

naturalist has written to my morning paper to express his appreciation of a gamekeeper's curious behaviour. On one of the finest sporting estates of East Anglia a waxwing has been seen in the woods, and the head-keeper has been content to watch the beautiful little visitor and leave it unshot. This action, or inaction, is indeed memorable and praiseworthy. It makes me hope that days may yet come when the stork, the bustard, and other rare birds that once visited our shores will

return without any fear of the man-fool who carries a gun. other side of the balance put the statement, made about the same time, that an avocet seeking the shelter of these shores is now being "prepared" by the taxidermist in business near the place where it was first seen. Only a fortnight ago, when a cold snap came to our East Coast, I met a man whom I know to be sober, married, a churchgoer, and a payer of rates and taxes. He was going down the er or rates and taxes. He was going down the estuary of a certain river with his gun and spaniels. "I'm hoping to be able to pick up a rare bird or two," he explained; and met my remonstrances with the usual parry, "Well, if I don't shoot them, somebody else will."

I confess that my fears for the future have been considerably diminished since I read in a daily paper that cooks are worth sixty pounds a-year and more in British Columbia. Let it be set down in this place that I am no bad cook. I have experience, patience, and a capacity for undertaking daring experiments. I can present the vegetable-soup of France, risotto à la Milanese in manner that Italians will approve, puchero as they love it in Old Spain, the kesksoo of Morocco, and some of the ragouts that you eat with joy in the land where Abdul Hamid II—he who arouses the wrath of Nonconformists—rules over True Believers. To be able to make all these things at the expense of somebody else, to eat as much as is good for me, and complete the repast with coffee for which I Complete the repast with coffee for which I am personally responsible, is a pleasant vision, and if for doing these things I can receive a minimum wage of sixty pounds a-year and my lodging, I am content to go to the morning paper and the other printed trifles by which I support a formed extravored life.

frugal, strenuous life.



NOT AT THE ALBERT HALL.

TWO PARSON CRICKETERS.

Mr. Warner's team "down under" will be interested when they learn that the Rev. A. P. Wickham, who has long played cricket for Somerset, has been appointed a Prebendary of Wells, and that the Rev. W. Rashleigh, the old Oxford and Kent amateur, has been drawn

ROAD STOPPED SEARCHERS ONLY [DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

SCENE IN THE STRAND NEXT MONTH.

away from his Minor Canonry of Gloucester and has returned to his native county as Minor Canon of Canterbury. It is, indeed, a question whether a Prebendary can go on playing cricket without loss of dignity. There are certainly rumours that the Bishop of Melanesia, who, as Mr. Cecil Wilson, used to make runs for Kent not so very long ago, still sometimes delights his dusky flock by showing them the pretty style of batting he learnt at Tonbridge School; but it may be held, perhaps, that a Colonial Bishop does not count. To be sure, it is hard to imagine a home Bishop playing cricket, but there seems no reason why a Minor Canon should be squeamish about it, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that Mr. Rashleigh will once more be seen going in first for Kent next season.



"THE WIDOW WOOS"—"BOHÈMOS"—"THE QUESTION"—THE "SWIFT" PLAY—"ZAFFENSTREICH."

Real, ordinary drama seems awakening, and since last week two new one-Act plays, a three-Act comedy, and a four-Act tragedy have been produced. "The Widow Woos" is the first of them, a little piece depending for the success it achieved on dialogue and little touches of character rather than upon construction and invention. A little trite, a trifle antique, but on the whole amusing, is the comedietta concerning the widow who wooed and won the carpenter by a courtship partly through a hole in the wall, which suggests—innocently, no doubt—the buffoonery in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that never is half as funny as apparently it ought to be. Mr. Sydney Valentine is just the man for the carpenter's part, and Miss Brough entertained the house in the part of the widow. The other one-Act play was "Bohèmos," at the Court, and the choice of it certainly was injudicious. When given tactfully by Bernhardt, who handled the lover's part with almost reckless frivolity, the piece seemed an excessively artificial fable. Mr. Lander took it far too seriously. The admitted fabulous became the blatantly incongruous, and his moments of emotion, well expressed absolutely, were ridiculous. There, no doubt, is cleverness in the writing, but the translator has been a little too generous in using ultra-colloquial phrases.

"The Question" appears likely to draw, though it is a curious instance of the decline of a drama: first Act good in scheme, excellent in treatment, neat in construction; second Act inferior; third Act the worst, and leading to a highly artificial piece of sentimentality. work is a collaborated affair, by John Strange Winter and Mr. Ashford, and one might have guessed that two hands were employed upon it. It is essentially drama according to a specific scheme, with disastrous result to the Russian Prince who dupes Miss Margaret North, committing bigamy somewhat recklessly, and ultimately is forced to be silent when no decent man would have held his tongue. This is the disadvantage of the specific-scheme play. You must cut your characters according to the needs of the scheme, and in the course of the evening they may become fantastically mutilated and out of all recognition as human The actor suffers from this: no skill could have made a man of the Russian. On the other hand, the heroine, despite a tendency to phrases, has some human moments, of which Miss Kate Rorke took rich advantage. Poor Miss Halstan! All that was to be done with the part of the ill-treated Russian Princess, doomed to death for the convenience—indeed, necessity—of the authors, but presented with a scene or two of purely theatrical effectiveness, she did with charm and an air of sincerity; but, alas, there was very little to be done.

The humours of the piece, with some cutting, would be effective, but they did not contend quite successfully with the billiard-table which caused a long wait—fruitlessly. To me it seemed that the trouble and cost of putting the table on the stage in a piece mounted decently but without foolish waste must betoken some important use of it, and so through the whole Act I remained in a condition of waiting for something that never happened. There were, however, several "false issues" raised by the playwrights, particularly in relation to the *ingénue* and her Scotch sweethearts. Taking it all together, "The Question" gave the idea of collaborators not working with one mind—an awful state of things to contemplate! On the other hand, it always seems amazing that two people can really write a play together. One may reasonably guess that the instinct for telling a story shown in the play is ascribable to the popular novelist.

Miss Floyd, who took the *ingénue* part intended for Miss Eldée, showed a good deal of natural ability and some skill. She will be wise if she protests against being called upon to sing a song with her back to the audience at the beginning of the third Act. I wonder how many plays have been killed by the tactless introduction of a song? The appearance of Mr. Hermann Vezin in a small part, admirably played by him, caused a hearty outburst of applause. Indeed, the audience showed very warmly its pleasure at meeting again in a West-End theatre the two valuable artists, Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Vezin, who have an enormous number of most sincere admirers. A cry about dearth of players when they may be almost said to be in the reserve is obviously absurd.

"Swift and Vanessa" exhibits a bad system almost at its worst, and again raises the question whether it is legitimate to endeavour to attract people to the theatre by promising to present to them one of the mighty dead in the flesh. It is difficult to understand the state of mind in which a man of culture persuades himself that it is permissible to endeavour, with the aid of an actor, to reincarnate a Swift. Can he

imagine that, even with the aid of the journals and the biographies, he will really give us an idea of the formidable Dean? "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" may be a fallacy, but certainly who seeks to present great men should himself be great, though some, following Macaulay, would oppose to this the case of Boswell. Unfortunately, Mr. Bartoleyns is not a Boswell, and the result of his efforts is a drama barely comprehensible to those acquainted with the life of the author of "The Tale of a Tub," and, I imagine, quite unintelligible to the many who know little of Varina, and Stella, and Vanessa, and the other ladies to whom the Doctor paid a species of fraudulent courtship. Swift the pedagogue, Swift the philosopher, Swift the politician, Swift the punster, Swift the philomath, and Swift the philanderer—there is a collection to present in one play, however excessively long! It is the limitation of the theatre that it demands things theatrical; so we had many scenes and few sensations, plenty of history and little drama, a good deal of French romance and too much of British melodrama. The worst enemy of Swift, and some were very bitter, never accused him of being tedious; he was always brief, though brevity was not the soul of his wit. The dramatist, alas, seems to have misappreciated the famous phrase about making two ears of corn grow where only one grew before.

It is quite sad. In a sense, the piece is written neatly and intelligently and laboriously and conscientiously; but it fails entirely as a specimen of that bastard class, the histrionic-biographical, and the players could make little of it. Miss Dora Barton is a charming actress, but I am still young enough to remember a delightful child performance of hers in "The Black Cat," a play, unfortunately, too clever for its time, and even now she is not of an age to represent Esther Johnson. Mrs. Arthur Scaife, who apparently was the manageress of the occasion, was obviously overburdened by the part of Vanessa. She showed some experience of the stage, but nothing like the technical capacity necessary for playing an intensely emotional part of great length that might have severely taxed many of our leading ladies. Certainly Mr. Beveridge laboured bravely in the part of Swift; no doubt, he was indiscreet in his make-up, for he looked many years older than history demands or the circumstances of the play permit. It would be idle to blame him for not indicating the charm which rendered the virtuous deacon terribly successful among the ladies. The charm was not due to physical beauty, nor, apparently, to grace of manner, but rather, indeed, to the mysterious something that distinguishes those referred to by Voltaire as the "laides charmeresses."

In vigorous contrast with the others is the German military play that has made some sensation at the Royalty Theatre. Here is a work capable of thrilling by sheer force of truth even those who, like myself, do not pretend to understand nicely the subtletics of the ugly language. It would be idle to say that this is merely because the play is truthful and restrained, unconventional and earnest, for a real play, whilst needing these qualities and unable to be great without them, demands much more. The characteristics that one can put in a list, the qualities capable of explanation, the merits which may be expounded, are not those that distinguish the big dramas from the respectable mediocrity quite good enough to afford an enjoyable entertainment. "Zaffenstreich," to the casual observer, is a simple, cruel, stirring slice of German military life; but, on reflection, it will be seen that the art is fine which renders it so nature-like, and the characters are brilliantly finished, highly individualised human beings drawn from life. The result is very deep interest in the efforts of the non-commissioned father and sweetheart to keep the amorous girl from the commissioned officer who is not wholly bad but overgoverned by ideas of military caste.

It may be that such a work, apart from its disadvantage of being to a great extent local in its interest, would never be quite successful in this country, because there is only one female part, which is that of a girl of the lower middle-class, common in manners, tasteless in dress. There is what is commonly described by journalists as a lack of female interest, and there is nothing of costume for the lady journalist to mis-describe. Therefore, it may be guessed that the work would have no chance of financial success in England; no hope even if Fräulein Margaret Reuss were to give her brilliant, uncoquettish, un-self-conscious performance, or even if we could get the men's parts played in the vivid but quiet and unselfish fashion that reigns at the Royalty. Yet, perhaps, the Stage Society might do worse than present it, and, under its auspices, there would be hope of a worthy performance.



MISS IRENE ROOKE,

APPEARING AS THE QUEEN IN "BRER RABBIT," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

CONCERNING THE RIGHT HON. LORD BRASSEY.

O man not a professional sailor has in our time been so much at sea as Lord Brassey, whose voyage in the Sunbeam, accounts of which were written by the late Lady Brassey, unquestionably made that yacht the most famous of all pleasure-boats. Brassey's association with the sea, on which he has travelled some three hundred thousand miles, began when he was a boy at school, for while he was at Rugby his father gave him a little boat of seven tons, the Spray of the Ocean, which was exchanged for a small cutter, the Cymba, when he went to Oxford, as this, in its turn, developed into a schooner, the *Albatross*, in which he made several long passages under sail, one of them, from Cadiz to Lisbon, occupying no fewer than thirteen days. It was, no doubt, to partly shorten such voyages and partly for the pleasure of travelling more quickly that Lord Brassey eventually decided on using a steamer, and he began with the Meteor, of 137 tons burden, in which he made many trips in the Mediterranean. In due course came the Sunbeam, which is still in commission.

If the records of her voyages have been

immortalised in print by the facile pen of the late Lady Brassey, to whom the sea was no less fascinating than to her husband, a more private memorial exists in the beautiful house in Park Lane in which Lord Brassey lives when he is in London.

This consists of a specially built museum in which the curiosities gathered from every country visited during those delightful yachtingtrips have been collected and arranged, and it need hardly be said they form one of the most interesting and one of the most complete private collections in the kingdom, if, indeed, not absolutely unrivalled. Another record also exists in the shape of two huge charts on which each of Lord Brassey's yachting-tours has been accurately recorded, with the name of the vessel on which he travelled. So many times has he been to the Mediterranean that it has been found necessary to prepare one chart for those voyages alone. It is not often that a man is able to trace to his hobby or amusement no inconsiderable part of the work he has done in forwarding the interests or ameliorating

IN HIS GARDEN AT NORMANHURST. Photograph by J H. Blomfield, Hastings.



LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B.

the condition of those less fortunately placed than himself. Lord than himself. Brassey is certainly one of those happy and exceptional men, for, as the direct result of his practical acquaintance with sea-life and the conditions which govern the maritime existence of our coasts, he has been able to give valuable advice and assistance in forwarding schemes for the improvement of our Naval Reserve and the Navy itself, about which he has written both luminously and voluminously, one work on the "British Navy" alone running to five volumes. It was the knowledge gained in the practical pursuit of his pastime which caused Lord Brassey to be made a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and, subsequently, Secresubsequently, Secretary to the Admiralty, and which caused his selection as one of the two Members of Parliament appointed on theCommission which investigated the great question raised by Mr. Plimsoll which led to legislation of so much

importance.

Lord Brassey's political career is an example of the way in which history repeats itself. When he was first elected to Parliament, in 1865, people were boldly declaring that the star of England's supremacy had set, that our labour was too slow, our wages too high, and that we could not hold our own against the Continent. Lord Brassey's father did not believe these statements, and he was a man whose opinion was worth having, seeing that he was the first to go out as a railway contractor to foreign lands, where, at times, he had an army of as many as eighty thousand men at work for him in various parts of the world. Mr. Brassey considered that the cost of labour was about the same wherever the individual was got, and that he could make an English railway as cheaply as he could one on the Continent. Entering Parliament at such a crisis, Lord Brassey naturally asked himself what he was going to do, and determined to become an expert on the Labour Question. He read up the Blue Books on Factory Administration on the Continent and in England, and on that subject made his maiden speech, which won for him praise not only from the political Leaders, but even from the Speaker himself. Those investigations settled Lord Brassey in the convictions he still

JAN. 20, 1904

holds, that the cost of labour is about the same the whole world over, for the men who are paid a higher wage do better and quicker work than the men who get a lower rate of pay. When his father died, Lord Brassey was anxious that a tribute should be paid to him. He therefore got together all the materials for his Life, which was written by Sir Arthur Helps. Another practical result of that work was the furnishing of the matter from which Lord Brassey wrote his "Work and Wages," a volume that Mr. Gladstone highly praised and which gave the author a decided position in the world of work and wages.

One of the results of the Continental labours of Lord Brassey's

father was that his family lived in France for some years. between the ages of five and eleven French was practically Lord Brassey's ordinary language. To this happy fact was, no doubt, due one of the greatest successes of his life as a public speaker. Although he has

been in Parliament nearly forty years and has often spoken on Administrative questions, it is safe to say that he never moved an assembly to such enthusiasm as he did during the recent visit of the Members of our Legislature to France at the invitation of the French Members of Parliament. It was at the banquet given by the French Parliamentary Group of International Arbitration at the Grand Hôtel that, called upon to speak, he rose and, in exquisite French and with a fine accent, addressed the distinguished assembly with such force, such fire, and such eloquence that it may be literally said that the guests rose at him, while the Chairman of the occasion gave vent to his feelings by clasp-ing Lord Brassey's hand and shaking it warmly. Nor must the services he has rendered to the cause of Empire - building by his five years Governorship of Victoria be forgotten. In that period he gained the sincere regard of

Australians.



AS HONORARY LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE. Photograph by Falk, Melbours

NORMANHURST, LORD BRASSEY'S BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX HOME.



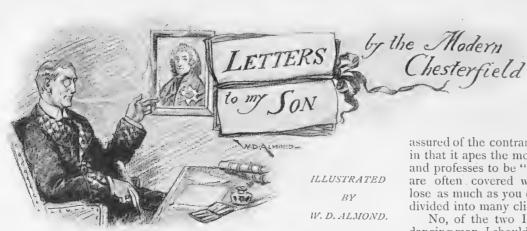
THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.

Photograph by J. H. Blomfield, Hastings.



A PICTURESQUE SPOT IN THE GROUNDS.

Photograph by H. N. King, London,



I.—THE CHOICE OF A CLUB.

T is not, my dear boy, until the age of twenty-one that a Club admits one as a member—at least, such is the rule of every Club which is seldom broken save by that which is known as the Crèche and to which I have no desire for you to belong, and that other establishment devoted to the amusement of sucking manhood for which you know I have so hearty a contempt. Happily for you, owing to your grandfather's provoking will, I am compelled to give you an absurdly adequate sum per annum to maintain yourself; wherefore, I write to offer you the advice of one who has lived much and learned not a little as to what Club to join and how to make the best use of those of which you decide to become a member.

It having been the custom in our family for its male members to belong to the Voyagers', you have had your name down for it since the day when you were too ignorant to pronounce its name. You come up for election, I believe, next year, and elected you will be, for you are far too much of a nonentity to make it worth anyone's amusement to pill you. You will therefore pay your entrance-fee and subscription like a man, and probably entertain our poorer relations there as seldom as is consistent with perfect family politeness. Having an inherited distaste for books and old men and a total lack of interest in the affairs of nations, you will make but little use of the Voyagers' other than that. Occasionally you may sleep there between those hours of five and seven so difficult of destruction if you have been late the night before, and you may drop in after a bad dinner elsewhere to

correct your digestion with a glass of what is really the best old brandy in London. Otherwise the Voyagers' will scarcely see you, will though I recommend some cards with its name set upon them for leaving on the staider persons of extensive your acquaintance. The words "Voyagers' Club" in the lefthand corner of a visiting-card are a patent of respect-ability, more parti-cularly if you should be tempted into business of any kind, an eventuality which would scarcely prophesy for you.

Distinctly, therefore, mon cher fils, the Voyagers' must not be your only Club. It should be to you what the broadcloth suit is to the labouring-man-a thing to be assumed seldom' and treated with consummate care. For your daily delectation you must have more modern, more sociable, and more lax institutions. And here comes in my difficulty in the rôle of counsellor.



"THE BILLIARD-ROOM WILL, OF COURSE, APPEAL TO YOU."

The Napoleon, the Old Maids', and Blank's will, of course, suggest themselves and be suggested to you more than once, but I am doubtful as to whether you should belong to any one of them. The Napoleon I like for its situation, but less for its members. There is a lack of "go" about the whole institution that depresses me, and, while it would have the world believe that it is a smarter Club than the Old Maids', you

have only to compare the two Club-lists to be assured of the contrary. Besides, the Napoleon is a mongrel institution in that it apes the modern while preserving much of the old-fashioned, and professes to be "young" before everything, while its antimacassars are often covered with grey hairs. Its food is fair, and you may lose as much as you can afford in its card-rooms, but its members are

divided into many cliques which seldom, if ever, amalgamate.

No, of the two I infinitely prefer the Old Maids'. Were you a dancing man, I should recommend your putting your name down at once, but, as your idea of waltzing is about on a par with your appreciation of literature, I hesitate before advising you to join. You would, of course, meet no end of friends there, and it is a very nice Club in which to entertain ladies if you want to; but, for the love of Heaven, don't get known as a Squire of Dames, or you will never have a moment's peace. If, too, you be an amateur of magic-lantern entertainments, the

hospitable proprietor will provide you with a surfeit of such orgies.

Frankly, I don't think you need join the Old Maids'; nor would I urge you to put your name down for Blank's. It is a good old Club, of course, and a comfortable, but it has let in a lot of men of recent years with whom I can see no particular reason for you to associate. Not that I object to the amusing vulgarian, but these are dull, and,

therefore, inexcus-able. I know you get a very good dinner at Blank's and that you would meet a lot of our old friends there, but you can always go there when you like with-

out joining.
As you have refused to go into the Army, the Service Clubs are clearly beyond you. Such institutions as the Junior Librarian, the Superior Journalists', and the Junior Tailors', which I never, pass without a shudder, one need not consider. am I in doubt about the Strangers', for you are far too poor an écarté-player, and



"OCCASIONALLY YOU MAY SLEEP AT THE VOYAGERS' CLUB."

infinitely too brainless even to dream of the Foreign Office. Being a firm believer in the doctrine of heredity, I can scarcely blame you for

this lack of intelligence. I merely mention it as a reason for your not becoming a member of a charming establishment.

In fact, there is no Club in Piccadilly to which I want you to belong save Ruff's. Here you will be thoroughly in your element and will meet just the people you like and I want you to know. Only would I beg you not to play cards. Neither you nor I should indulge in any amusement for which brains are the principal requisite. There is nothing I love more than a gamble - and a heavy one, if need be; but a game of Bridge, which bores me, and for which I have to pay heavily at the same time, strikes me as being little short of idiotic. The billiard-room will, of course, appeal to you, and you will probably not regret your visit to it, for, thanks to the fact that practically your first walking-stick was a billiard-cue, you should not always be the loser at pool. Moreover, as you will most certainly be fool enough to run your own horses before you have seen another

be fool enough to run your own horses before you have seen another year of life, Ruff's must be your Club

And now as to another Club. The Voyagers', as I have said, will be of comparatively little use to you. It will be merely an occasional convenience. Ruff's you will use far more frequently, but even from that you will want a change. Boredom is nearly always brought about by perpetually frequenting the same society, and the society of the members of Ruff's, charming though it is, is apt to pall upon one after a time. It is for this reason that one more Club, at any rate, you must have. Political Clubs are of no use to you—not that I have often heard the affairs of the House discussed within their walls, but for the very excellent reason that these are for within their walls, but for the very excellent reason that these are for me the dullest places in Christendom and frequented for the most part by the most consummate bores and aggressive vulgarians in all London Town. But enough for this week, my dear boy. Next week I will give you the remaining atoms of advice as to your choice of a Club.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

FISCALITIS: A PRECOCIOUS CASE.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BROWNE.



A BEAUTY OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE COMEDY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THREE SCENES FROM MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW COMEDY, "MERELY MARY ANN,"

NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE GARDEN THEATHE, NEW YORK

SEE P. HEARD IN THE BREEN ROOM "



MARY ANN MISS ELBANOR ROBSON EXCHANGES CONFIDENCES WITH A PAITRFUL FRIEND.



LANGELOT MR RUWIN APDEN), ONE OF BER ADMIRERS, TAKES AN USPARDONABLE LIBERTY



BUT, ON THE ARRIVAL OF PEARS MR FRANK DOANE, SUFFERS TERRIPLE PANCS OF JEALOUSY

Photographs by Byens, were York

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

R Note Message in attendance. He has chosen the appropriate moment, for this is the period of great duness. Famous a thors very frequently refuse the subjects in which they might have extelled an itim to themes which do not suit them. They are not tractaine. Wr New Moore inclines among the books which right have been written and should have been written. They are not tractainer. Wr New Moore inclines among the books which right have been written and should have been written. They include a like of the Advocate's Close," by Walter Scott, "Wilkins Micawber, Senajor," by Charles Deckens, "Cider Colar Mights," by W. Masepeace, hackeray, "Barristale a Romance" by R. L. Stevenson, "The lab likes, being the later lyre's of Rehert bures, "Versis from As lon," by W. P. Hemey, "Memours of T. Mulvaner," by Rudvard K. ang., "A. Rejurn to Arcady," by Thomas Hirry, "The As one ling Duchess," by George Meredith; "Life and Let ers of Benjanin Disraeli", "Songs from Tennyson's "Lotos Isle"; "A Sim of the Manse" by J. M. Barrie, "The Dere of Briganine, stoseph Conrad, "Peary at the Pole"; "Whistler Intime, by a Syndicate.

It is corrain viate active list. An chirm well by St. it in the style of "The Antiquary" and the best parts of "Gry Mannering well it a masure ideal. I just an whether Drikers what leave felt at home in describing Australian I and well suggest that be shorter have written "The History of Mr. Peter Magnus." In fact

I have, greatly damng, pressed this august theme on one of our younger nove ists. Thankeray was at his best perhaps, in the Queen A he period, and we should have had at other "Fishiona". If Stevenson had taken one of the dieverest scamps in all Highland bistory through the glens of Albyn and the galetics of London and Paris, we should have had a treat indeed. I am afraid there are lyrics of bords to existence which are "daft" enough. I very Kiplingite will wish that the master should write a book "with all the stips of his genus out." Mr. Barrie would grat fy the world by returning to the Thrums people and I hope he may yet carry out his long aborished purpose of writing a book contile. I the Sabbath Day." As for Mr. Lardy, I should us quite sat shed if he we lid put his version of the Napoleonic time into a novel are not into an immense literary brana. But it trimains true that men of genius have a will as well as a way.

A thoughful American critic in the Nation vindicates Lord Macattay against recent strictures. For my part, I con I have wished that Macattay had devoted himsel to writing biographies longer than his Essays and mich shorter than his Essays are for a has best in personal sel, eations and nobody ever surpasser him in his power of showing people in their giveroment. If we has six languaghines say bunyan, A. Ison. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Pitt, with an with Lord Macattay ay six at the fixon edge and fascination of style, it is safe to say that the books would be in everyone's hands

for generations. We both disparaging others, it is impossible not in see that Manaclay only one have done the work. The witch in the Autien makes a good point when he says that Macaclay possessed in his own memory stores of information which profound scholars can often find only by references to their horaries, or from well-stocked handbooks. He is this mass of remembered and fully appreciated farts which often makes a few lines of his writing, whether hoften makes a few lines of his writing, whether hoften makes a few lines of his writing, whether hoften makes a few lines of his writing, whether hoften makes a few lines of his writing, whether hoften makes a few lines of his writing, whether hostens the danger of confounding any quartan single the danger of confounding any quartan single the later volumes of his laborious candour, but the later volumes of his laborious candour, but the later volumes of his great work degenerate from a history into a sort of annual register, and but for his small but masterly saidch of the Thirty Years' War we might have doubted his capacity to take a general view of a historic perion.

Mr. A. F. Polarius the chief writer of denew volume of the "Cambra ge Moocra H store," which deals with the Reformation. Mr. Polariroutributes five chapters, Principal Fairbairn writes two chapters, and Principal Lindsay, of Glasgow, leads with Lither Dr. F. W. Mai and writes on be Anguean Seith, ment and the Scott shikeformation.

I am glad to bear of a new annual to be caused. The Oxford and Cam in dge Year Blook. Its aim is to give details of the University degrees and honours, as we as the present on a land, of all living graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. It is a serious attempt to answer the question so often asked. What has become of So and So I have not seen him since I left Coulege. About thirty thousand names are to be included. This is a very happy idea and admits of further development.

Owen Wister, author of 'The Varginian" has a recipe for comforting binself in or the assaults of reviewers. He has found it effications having that y a base quarter-of an our, and I have much pleasure in passing it on to English authors. It

The day is in the decision,
The est is in the lake
The cow is in the harmook.
What's Terrice does a make

R ar Admira Schey is writing his Memors. He will have much to say of the Samuago Campiagh, the Chican Rebession, and the Greeley Expension, in all of which he was a prominent figure.



T. E CRAZE OF THE MOMENT

Florance by C. Habrison

Please. See would you mind sending one a post-card from Monty Carry? I m a collected of tem

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

I T is to be feared that the crisis in the Far East finds most Britons ignorant of the work that has brought it about. We know something, but very little compared with what there is to know, of the great Siberian Railway that stretches from St. Petersburg eastwards to Vladivostock and Port Arthur, and reaches Pekin by way of Newchang. Russia has guarded well the secret of the vast provinces she has annexed or hopes to penetrate. Stories of the mineral wealth and agricultural possibilities of Manchuria, of the richness that marks

gold-bearing lands of Mongolia, of the immense potentialities of the Obi basin, have been kept back until these regions, whose wealth justifies the cost of exploiting them, have been secured. Elsewhere in the world, Elsewhere in the world, El Dorado is well-nigh free to all .men; in Holy Russia the sources of wealth are hidden until a fence has been put all round them. Mr. George Lynch, the well-known War Correspondent, has published a book, "The Path of Empire" (Duckworth), and it comes before us at a critical period in the history of the countries discussed. There are signs of great haste in the book's preparation; it lacks revision in many places, and suggests that the author has relied upon magazine articles' strung together rather carelessly. At the same time, even if this is so, the fact remains that Mr. Lynch can see and can write, that he is at pains to examine matters of interest thoroughly and with intelligence, and that he is not reluctant to record impressions opposed to popular ideas at home.

From first to last, Mr. Lynch sees and admires the magnitude of Russia's accomplishment. Her population is increasing at the rate of one million and a-half each year, and the vast territories she has acquired will find her with land for all her subjects a century hence. From St. Petersburg to Dalny and Port Arthur the distance by rail is six thousand miles or so, and the rail is guarded all along the route. Save beyond Irkoutsk, where Lake Baikal intervenes, there is no break in the journey. During the winter, Lake Baikal, the "Holy Sea" of the Russians and the largest fresh-water lake in the world, is crossed on sleighs in seven hours, with

in the world, is crossed on Reproduced by permission from "sleighs in seven hours, with time-allowance for a meal at the refreshment-booth in the middle of the lake. The "Holy Sea" freezes in November and thaws in April, and this condition must not be forgotten at the moment, for the recently imported ice-breaking vessel cannot plough through the thickest packs, and at this point Russia might experience enormous difficulty with transport in time of war.

Mr. Lynch writes of his wanderings in Japan and Korea and his return to Pekin, where he saw the siege of the Legations raised on his first visit. Then he describes his journey along the great Russian railway from its eastern to its western terminus. He shows that Japan has been moving forward with feverish haste in Korea, being informed by her Intelligence Department, "the best in the world," of all the Russian developments across the water. Masampho is likely to be

the bone of contention. It has the harbour that will enable Russia to command the sea-way between Vladivostock and Port Arthur, or, in the hands of the Mikado's Government, may create a Far Eastern edition of the Dardanelles.

There is no doubt in the mind of Mr. Lynch that Manchuria is as Russian as St. Petersburg. "I want you to build me a city there," said the Czar to General Sakaroff, with his finger on a certain spot. Dalny, a town whose name signifies "far away," has risen at the autocrat's command; it is already a place of broad roads, with two-and three-storeyed brick-built houses, having their strips of garden and iron railings. The town boasts a theatre, a park, three Clubs, electric-light, and the finest power-house in Asia, and it is the commercial terminus of

electric-light, and the finest power-house in Asia, and it is the commercial terminus of the great railway. Elsewhere in Manchuria great cities have risen to the Imperial order—Harbin, Mukden, Port Arthur, and others—and throughout them "no English need apply." America is there and very busy, a matter for congratulation in the present phase of Far Eastern politics; but this country's traders suffer from an official boycott. The open door is no more than a name to us; to the United States it means very much more, since Holy Russia waits but to settle the Japanese danger before closing all the doors that lead to her stolen province.

A policy of commercial penetration has been started with great success in Mongolia, but Mr. Lynch has not been able to follow the wily conqueror very far into that unknown country. Perhaps the Government of India has been more fortunate, and our peaceful Mission to Thibet is the countermove. Clearly it is necessary in these days to watch every movement of the Muscovite, and Lord Kitchener's presence in India is distinctly reassuring. Yet, when all is said and

Yet, when all is said and done, when we have made due allowance for the merciless barbarity and unscrupulous mendacity of the Czar's high administrators, it is impossible to read the story of the great Eastern trek without a thrill of admiration. It is a fine achievement, this direction of the superfluous millions to agricultural lands that have never been tilled and mining areas with infinite possibilities. It is a movement into realms where the twilight that shrouded a world of mammoths and



Sincerely yours George Synch

Reproduced by permission from "The Path of Empire." (Duckworth.)

cave-dwellers has never been dispelled within the years that our civilisation can review, and the endless procession that goes to bring it into line with the rest of the habitable world is composed of tall men and splendid women, fit to raise and rear the generation that will set the seal of success upon the most daring undertaking that the modern world has witnessed. It is difficult to close Mr. Lynch's interesting volume without a feeling of profound regret that all these developments entail the horrors of war, that the path of progress—particularly if Russia be treading it—is stained always with innocent blood. If the Czar's administrators added to their great mental equipment the gifts of honest and humane dealing, all civilisation would be applauding their work. As things are—?

THE HUMOURIST IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.



Extract from a Letter: "Hunting is lovely, darling! I never had any hat that suited me so well as a silk one, and everyone says my new habit is perfectly sweet."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

THE HUMOURIST AT THE PANTOMIME.

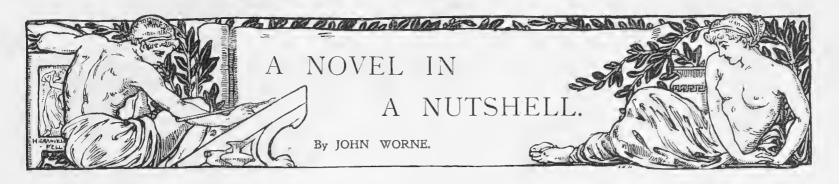


STUDIES IN EXPRESSION: BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A WEATHER FORECAST: "VERY MILD."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



LOVE'S REVENGE.

OVE," wrote the brilliant young critic, "is not really so important as all this. One feels reluctant to deal harshly with a novel of this class, so obviously the work of some gushing maiden just out of her teens; but one sighs for the time when love in romance and drama will be put in its proper place and recognised as being what it is-the idle dream of neurotic womankind and the occasional pastime——"
"Occasional pastime——," he murmured, chewing the tail-end

of his pen and casting his eyes up to the ceiling. The pen descended once more to the paper: "——the occasional pastime—one might call it the temporary aberration, of sanity and common-sense."

"Sanity and common-sense—tautologous, but no matter; tautology is the soul of rhetoric. By Jove, must make a note of that!"

And he made a note in a little book, full of similar sparklets,

for future use.
"Advice," he continued, "is probably wasted on the author of a book like this; it only remains to be said that, if Miss 'Thomas

Pursam' had expended upon bringing together the component parts of her infinitives but half of the energy displayed in uniting her feebly fatuous and utterly uninteresting pairs of lovers, there would have been less reason to complain of wasted time."

"It is mistaken kindness," he said to himself, "to show mercy to incompetence." With which he dismissed the matter from his mind.

He was a man of uncompromising common-sense, and he fully realised the responsibility of his own position as a representative not only of literature, but of that to which literature must in the end humbly appeal—to wit, criticism. But he declined to allow his official and critical opinions to interfere with his private life. This was clearly wise, for it kept those opinions on a lofty plane, detached from the possible weaknesses of his own human nature. (That his own nature was human he would if pressed have probably admitted)

was human, he would, if pressed, have probably admitted.)

The consequences of this duality of existence were sometimes awkward. They were so in this case, for the next time he met Lilian Flexmore her behaviour towards him was unusually cold.

He was not engaged to Lilian—not what you might call engaged, exactly. He had often reflected upon his feelings towards her sanely and judicially, and had come to the conclusion that, when he wanted to marry, she was, among the ladies of his acquaintance, the one most likely to be favoured with the offer of his hand and heart.

Not that he wanted to marry anybody; on consideration of the pros and cons, it seemed to him most convenient for the present to remain a bachelor, but, of course, one never knew what might happen. And Lilian was certainly a most charming girl, and had shown taste and good sense hitherto in appearing to take much pleasure in his company and conversation.

But now, as has already been observed, she was unusually cold towards him. She said she was glad to see him, and he noticed the remark. She had usually said nothing, but looked glad to see him. She introduced him to Captain Jack Lorren, a large, athletic-looking, red-faced, military sort of person. Augustus was wise enough

never to judge people at first sight; therefore he concluded that the

Captain was a very good fellow, because he disliked him so much.

The Captain talked horses. Among horses Augustus was lost.
He tried to turn the conversation in the direction of new books. The Captain said he never read books and couldn't stand 'em. Lilian captaed with him at which Augustus received a sheet. But he reflected agreed with him, at which Augustus received a shock. But he reflected

agreed with him, at which Augustus received a shock. But he reflected that she only did it to keep the fellow in a good temper.

For the same reason she pretended, with much success, to be highly amused with everything he said; indeed, with such success that Augustus began to feel unhappy. And when the Captain got up to go, Lilian went out with him into the hall to see him off. Augustus wondered whether marriage would involve such sacrifices as he had thought had thought.

By the time Lilian and the Captain had been talking together in the hall for five minutes, he had decided that the life of a bachelor was nothing less than selfishness and misery.

And when ten minutes had passed and she had not returned, he became seriously alarmed, and, after a careful examination of his inmest and discovered to his superior that he was passionately in love.

inmost soul, discovered to his surprise that he was passionately in love.

It was a consuming love, a love that shook the foundations of his being, a love beside which all interests, hopes, fears, and sensations shrank into nothingness and vanished. It gripped at his heart and dragged him headlong from heavens of rapture into unfathomable

abysses of excruciating despair. The Captain appeared to his disordered vision as a destroying demon whirling Lilian away from him through myriads of shrieking imps; and, cursing all military men, he seized and crumpled up in his rage a paper which lay before him on a small table. Having satisfied his desire to crush something, he looked down at what he had crushed.

"Love," he read, "is not really so important as all this."

It was the current number of the Weekly Slater. He hid it hastily behind the sofa as Lilian came into the room.

He advanced towards her with his hand stretched out. He forgot

that he had already met her that afternoon.

"Good-bye," she said, cheerfully. "Must you really go?"

"Er—thank you—I think I can stay a little longer."

"I'm glad," she murmured.

"I'm glad," she murmured.

He laughed feebly. "I was forgetting I had seen you already."

"You forget very easily. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks awfully." He sat down and looked at her. "You know," he went on, nervously tying knots in his watch-chain, "I—I don't really forget so easily."

"I thought you had just said that you did."

"I am afraid I wasn't thinking." He looked very unhappy and seemed to be pulling himself together for some great effort. He spoke in a low and eager tone. "Did you really suppose that I could forget so easily the—er—? What are you looking for?"

She was looking underneath books and papers on the table.

"We had a copy of this week's Weekly Slater. I can't think where—"

"Perhaps you were thinking of last week's," he interrupted, hastily.

"No," she said, "no, I am sure it wasn't last week's. I left it on this table. You haven't seen it anywhere?"

"Er—does it matter?" he stammered, parrying the question. "I wanted to talk to you about something—er—very important to me—"

"It's very funny," she said, "how things disappear."

"Does it matter?" he asked again, anxiously. Once more his voice became earnest and solemn. "What I came to say this afternoon was—"

"I particularly wanted to keep that paper" she said, still absorbed

afternoon was-

"I particularly wanted to keep that paper," she said, still absorbed in the search. "I was awfully pleased with your article."
"I'm glad—I'm glad!"

There was a wicked little smile in her eyes. "I tho ght that was awfully good, what you said about love being such rot, you know.

"What was it? 'Temporary aberration' something-or-other. Oh, here it is! How did it slip down there?" She fished it up from behind the sofa. "And how crumpled up it is!"

"I—I—er—suppose Captain What's-his-name—"Captain Lorren," she said, correcting him.

"I suppose Captain Lorren did it."
"Do you really think so?" she asked. "It is funny that I never noticed him doing it.'

Augustus desired very much to get away from the subject.

"I suppose he means very well, this—er—Captain Lorren?"

"Of course, he has not the advantage of brains," she replied.

"No," said Augustus, "of course."

"Papa and I," said Lilian, "were very much amused by this article of yours on 'Thomas Pursam's' book. We think it so cutting."

Augustus knew not what to say.

Augustus knew not what to say.

""The idle dream," she went on, ""of neurotic womankind and the occasional pastime—one might call it the temporary aberration, of sanity and common-sense.' How splendidly you put it! I read it to Captain Lorren and he simply roared."

"I'm glad," said Augustus, and loved the Captain more than ever.
"How do you manage to guess that it is written by a gushing

"I'm glad," said Augustus, and loved the Captain more than ever.

"How do you manage to guess that it is written by a gushing maiden just out of her teens?"

"It is a matter of practice—of instinct," he replied. "But—but don't let us bother about that; I want to speak about you——"

"Feebly fatuous and utterly uninteresting pairs of lovers," she murmured, softly. "How true! How wonderfully full of insight! Captain Lorren said——"

"I don't care what Captain Lorren said!" he exclaimed jumping

"I don't care what Captain Lorren said!" he exclaimed, jumping up and moving towards her. "Lilian, can't you see—can't you see that I love you? You are driving me mad!"

She apparently did not hear. She took the paper nearer to the lamp and began the noble passage again.

"'Love,'" she read, "'is not really so important as all this.' Captain Lorren thought that such a sensible remark. 'One feels reluctant to deal harshly-

He snatched the paper from her hand.

"Mr. Smiffer!" she said, and opened her eyes very wide.

He grovelled. "I beg your pardon; I am very sorry."

"Do you know," she said, "I regard you as an ideal man—

" Lilian!

"Mr. Smiffer!" This with much emphasis on the "Mr." "I hate the idea that a man and woman cannot know each other without falling into that ridiculous thing called love. A little time ago, I began to think that you were going to spoil things by—by——" She hesitated for a word. "Well, I mean you sat out five dances in succession." He looked up. "I am glad to know that it was only 'the occasional pastime—one might call it the temporary aberration, of-"Lilian! I wrote rot!"

-sanity and common-sense."

"Lilian, I am so tired of hearing that! I love you wildly!"

He made a dive at her hand. She eluded him. "You know I didn't mean what I was writing."

"I cannot think you so contemptible as to attack a harmless novelist without meaning what you wrote. No, you could not do that."

He was becoming desperate.
"Darling, when I wrote that, I was speaking of other people's

love—not mine for you—it was before l——"
"But, of course," she said, "we should not allow ourselves to be carried away by unreasoning passion. The matter would have to be considered rationally. I should have to consider, for instance, whether there would be anything to compensate me for the necessity

of appearing publicly under the name of Mrs. Augustus Smiffer."
"I will change it," he groaned.
"I should also remember," she continued, placidly, "that my Papa is both older and wiser than myself, and therefore more capable than I am of saying whether I ought to love—that is, whether I do love; for what ought to be and what is are, to the eye of sanity and common-sense, identical."

"Darling, could—you love me?" he cried, in choking accents.
"I never indulge in the idle dreams of neurotic womankind." She looked at the paper to refresh her memory. "Yes, 'idle dream of neurotic womankind' is right." She gazed into space.

"Do you love me, Lilian?"

"If Papa says I ought to, of course I do."

"Then, if you do, it doesn't matter what he says!" exclaimed

Augustus, in rapture.

"Mr. Smiffer," she replied, coldly, "till I know what he says, I don't know whether I do. Till then such epithets as 'darling' and 'Lilian' are out of place and impertinent. Indeed, I doubt whether they are, under any circumstances, permissible, or other than neurotic."

Augustus felt very helpless.
"Where is Colonel Flexmore?" he asked, after much hesitation.

"In the library."

"You had better come and find out if you love me."

He meant to be jocular.
"Very well," she said. "Shall we go now?"
They went. Colonel Flexmore was in his easy-chair.

He was a large, burly man, with red hair and a ferocious moustache. There was a scowl on his face and he was reading the Weekly Slater.

"How d' you do?" he said, gruffly.

"Papa," said Lilian, "Mr. Smiffer would like to talk to you."

"Oh!" said the Colonel.

"Yes," said Augustus.

"Oh!" said the Colonel, and Augustus was left to begin unassisted. While he was casting about for something to say, his eye alighted upon the very novel he had been reviewing. This upset him.

the very novel he had been reviewing. This upset him.

"I hope you are quite well, sir?" he said.

"I am quite well," said the Colonel. "You have come to tell me that this signature is a forgery?"

Augustus laughed uneasily. Why should that confounded article haunt him thus?
"N—no," he stammered; "I wrote it, of course."

"And it expresses your opinions?"

Why on earth should a military man take such a keen interest

in such things?
"Well—er—partly; I may admit now that I—er—dealt with love a little more—er—harshly than it deserves."

"Then that isn't your opinion about love?"
"Not exactly," said Augustus, bewilde moustache was bristling. "Your daughter l said Augustus, bewildered. The Colonel's tling. "Your daughter has made me change The Colonel's my mind, sir; I am deeply in love with her, and have come to ask your consent to our marriage. I am at present making about—"

"That was not quite the question you came to ask," said Lilian. Augustus humoured her. "I have come to ask whether you advise

her to love me. I may mention that my income—"
"Wait!" said the Colonel, smiling a grim smile. "Money is of no importance. My daughter knows that I forbid her marrying for money."

- He brought his fist down with a bang.

 "Well," said Augustus, humbly, "I don't know what you call marrying for money; I was going to say that my income this last year was a hundred and three pounds four shillings and sevenpence; I trust that is not too much?"
- "I express no opinion," said the Colonel; "the first point to be settled is, do we love you?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Augustus.
"Do we love you?" bellowed the Colonel.
"I—I—hope so," stammered Augustus. "At least, I don't mind about—er—I am satisfied if Miss Flexmore——"

He stopped, fearing to go deeper.
"Very well," said the Colonel, in a quieter tone. "Now will you kindly explain your views on love in face of this article."

Augustus looked to Lilian for help, but in vain.

"Of course," he began, "when I wrote that, I was only referring to the particularly foolish kind of love in the book I was reviewing.

I or wasn't talking about my own feelings" er—wasn't talking about my own feelings.

"You were in love with my daughter at the time?"

"Yes, certainly," he replied, boldly.

"And you wrote what you didn't mean in order to pour contempt

and ridicule upon the writer of that novel?"

Augustus tried to laugh. "Well," he said, "perhaps it was unwise to speak in such general terms; it would have been enough merely to

point out the—the preposterous sentimentality of the thing."
"Certainly it would have been wiser," said the Colonel, coldly. "But you are not going to let a little thing like that wreck the

happiness of two lives?"
"One life," said Lilian.

"You'll pardon my thinking it more than a little thing," growled the Colonel.

Augustus wondered what on earth was happening. "One has to

Augustus wondered what on earth was happening. "One has to be—er—cynical and witty, you know, or the public won't read what one writes," he pleaded.

"Cynical and witty and untruthful at the expense of the author?"

"Or authoress?" said Lilian.

"No, not untruthful," said Augustus. "Look here. I ask you"—he snatched up "'Hearts of Gold,' by Thomas Pursam"—"I ask you, is this is this-

He stopped suddenly, struck by a horrid thought.

"Well?" said the Colonel, pleasantly.

"Did—did you write this?" gasped Augustus, turning to Lilian.

She laughed merrily, "Oh, no!" and a great weight was lifted from his mind. He went on with redoubled confidence.

"Well, I ask you what else there was to be said about drivel like this? I think you'll agree that I treated it very gently. Listen!" He opened the book and read with enthusiasm: """ Sweet precious!" he murmured, gazing enraptured into the depths of her pearly, limpid

he murmured, gazing enraptured into the depths of her pearly, limpid eyes; "adorable one, you are the only woman I have ever loved.""

"Explain," said the Colonel, "what is comic in that."

Augustus felt a little discouraged. "Of course, individual passages taken by themselves do not produce the same effect as wading through the whole book. But look at this twaddle about 'ruby lips' and—"

"Are not lips frequently described as 'ruby'?"

"Exactly," said Augustus, throwing himself into the argument, "they have been described as 'ruby' by every incompetent driveller who has had ink enough to write a book and money enough to get it published. Here is some silly girl who ought to be learning grammar published. Here is some silly girl who ought to be learning grammar and is wasting her time inflicting boredom on unfortunate reviewers.

and is wasting her time inflicting boredom on unfortunate reviewers. Do you suggest that that sort of thing ought to be encouraged?"

"Humph!" said the Colonel. Lilian blew her nose.

"Let me read you some more," said Augustus. "It will amuse you. There's a passage here which for fatuity could with difficulty be surpassed." He turned over the leaves hurriedly. "Listen! 'She drew herself up to her full height and—"

"I have read it all, thank you," said the Colonel.

"Well, can you blame me if I was goaded into remarks about love which in calmer moments I regret?" He paused for a reply. "Am I to be mistrusted because, in my official capacity, I warn the public

to be mistrusted because, in my official capacity, I warn the public against nonsense which otherwise they might be lured by publishers' advertisements to read?" Again he paused, and again did Lilian, being overcome with emotion, blow her nose. He felt that he was getting on. "Is my love to be spurned because, in the exercise getting on. "Is my love to be spurned because, in the exercise of my duty, I find it necessary to pour contempt upon what is, as a matter of fact, a parody, a caricature of love, worthy of no higher name than 'slosh'? Oh, Colonel, pause! You are a man and a warrior; I wonder that you consider it of so much importance." He banged the book down on the table with scorn. "I wonder why you trouble your head about it; I wonder why you have read it; I wonder why you have even allowed it to come into the house! I wonder—"
"I'll explain," said the Colonel. "I wrote it."

" Oh!"

For ten seconds you could hear the clock tick.

Augustus became very red in the face; redder than the Colonei, and he was red enough.

"Of course," he stammered, "after what I have said I see no way out."

"There is always the door," said the Colonel.

Augustus looked in despair to Lilian. He could only see her back, which was heaving with emotion. Her handkerchief was before her face.
"Lilian!"

"I-Han!"

"I—I—think you left your hat in the drawing-room," she sobbed.
Augustus lost his temper.

"I hope," he said to the Colonel, "that you will soon write another book. And," he added, savagely, "may Heaven send it to me to be reviewed!"

With which he slammed the door and was gone.

THE END.



R. ZANGWILL'S comedy, "Merely Mary Ann," which was played for copyright purposes at the little riversity R. ZANGWILL'S comedy, "Merely Mary Ann," which was played for copyright purposes at the little riverside town of Wallingford in October of last year, has met with a warm welcome at the Garden Theatre in New York. Miss Eleanor Robson made a decided "hit" in the title-rôle, and was ably supported by the other members of the cast. A New York correspondent says that the play suggests Dickens, and is "a tender, amusing, gentle sort of drama, quite unlike the style of thing that has been served up to the public for several seasons." Miss Robson, who is a very young but exceedingly clever actress, is the daughter of the late Stuart Robson.

To-night we are to see the latest play by Captain Robert Marshall, namely, "The Duke of Killiecrankie," which this soldier-playwright has written for Messrs. Charles Frohman and Arthur Chudleigh to

has written for Messrs. Charles Frohman and Arthur Chudleigh to produce at the Criterion. Captain Marshall's work for the stage has always been so full of interest and vivacity that it is reasonable to expect much merriment from this "farcical romance," as he calls it.

Another military dramatist who is to submit a new play, a week later than "The Duke of Killiecrankie," is Captain Basil Hood, whose four-Act comedy, still called "Love in a Cottage," is—according to a rearrangement made almost at the moment of writing—to be produced

rearrangement made almost at the moment of writing—to be produced at Terry's Theatre next Wednesday, the 27th inst.

Next Tuesday afternoon (the 26th inst.), Miss Gertrude Kingston will give at the Avenue Theatre the first London production of Mr. Walter Frith's new comedy, "The Perils of Flirtation." And this reminds me that there will presently be found quite a group of new theatrical manageresses. These will include Miss Kitty Loftus, with Mr. Frank Stayton's new play, "A Maid from School"; Miss Annie Hughes (Mrs. Edmund Maurice), in Mr. Max Pemberton's new comedy, "The Finishing School"; Miss Ethel Irving, in a new play to be selected for her by Mr. Frank Curzon; Miss Ethel Clinton, who will. I understand, try a new musical comedy: and Miss Ada Reeve. will, I understand, try a new musical comedy; and Miss Ada Reeve, who will start touring in the spring-time with "The Grey Girl," written by Mr. Alfred Murray and composed by Mr. Howard Talbot, a new drama, at present called "A Set of Rogues," by Mr. Frank Barrett, and an English version of "Ma Cousine."



MISS MADGE CRICHTON, NOW ON TOUR IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Mrs. Langtry, in passing across the States to California, stopped at Langtry, Texas, a town named after her over twenty years ago, and a great celebration was held in her honour. It was nearly twenty years since the actress had visited Langtry. The "Sunset Limited," on the Southern Pacific, was stopped for half-an-hour, and among those



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS EDNA MAY, PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S. Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

invited to meet Mrs. Langtry were Justice of Peace Torres, Postmaster Fielder, and Sam Bean, owner of "The Jersey Lily" saloon. The latter is a son of the late Judge Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos," as he was called. It was Judge Bean who wrote to the actress several years ago, when she volunteered to give a drinking-fountain to the town: "The only thing the people of Langtry do not drink is water." As there are no newspapers in the neighbourhood cowboy water." As there are no newspapers in the neighbourhood, cowboy couriers started to "round-up" the leading men of the country, and the day was made a general holiday.

Last week's Popular Concert at the St. James's Hall began with a performance of Beethoven's Posthumous Quartet in B-flat Minor (Op. 130), played by Mr. Johann Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Hobday, and Mr. Percy Such. The work was interpreted extremely well, and these players realised Beethoven's intention and purpose very skilfully indeed. In the days of his deafness, Beethoven gave one moments of great beauty, contrasted with passages somewhat difficult to explain. Herr and Frau von Dulong sang two duets by Schumann on the occasion of the same concert, and one duet by Brahms, with great sincerity of feeling. These singers are, though often artistically sympathetic, rather lacking in individual charm; there is a negative element occasionally in their singing which sometimes detracts from their effectiveness. Frau von Dulong possesses a very pure and a finely resonant voice, moreover, she sings quite satisfactorily—it is the only word which exactly expresses the realisation of her undoubted talent. Miss Teresita Carreño-Tagliapietra was to have made her appearance for the first time at these concerts; she was unwell, however, and her place was taken by Miss Mathilde Verne, who played works by Chopin and Schumann with much distinction.



I N view of the increasing interest in musical progress in England during late years, the moment seems to be during late years, the moment seems to have arrived when the numerous music-lovers—amateurs and professionals—should unite to offer a home to the Muse, who at present is shelterless." Thus runs a somewhat curious document which has just reached the present writer. (One refers, of course, to the manner rather than the matter of the communication.) It has therefore been decided, so one is told, to form a Club, with the object of enabling the public to be "kent posted by

be "kept posted, by means of lectures, in any stirring musical events at home and abroad; to give the 'concert-goers' an opportunity of inter-changing views with their friends upon their impressions in their own musical lives; to have addresses on subjects relating to the common interest read, illustrated, and debated upon, so as to open the minds of some and increase the knowledge of others; to have occasional model concerts, introducing new and also neglected old art." The main object, it is added, however, is to procure a "strong, combined body of music-enthusiasts who might, to good purpose, put forward some much - needed suggestions for reform, which, if offered individually, would not carry the same weight." It further appears that a number of London "musical ladies and gentlemen have already expressed their great satisfaction with the new venture, and have promised their_active support. Some eminent professional gentlemen have kindly volunteered to lecture, read addresses, and initiate debates."

"It is proposed to have, at first, fortnightly meetings, beginning at an early date at a convenient centre, on the lines of the evenings given by the Playgoers' and O. P. Clubs, with the ultimate aim in view

to move in course of time into a permanent Home—to build a temple to 'Polyhymnia.'" Now, to the unpoetical critic, this is all very wonderful and rather fearful. Let us hope that Polyhymnia will not absent herself from the festive occasions when the Club does

The fifth Broadwood Concert opened with Haydn's Quartet in G Minor for two violins, viola, and violoncello, and was played very beautifully. Haydn is a sort of half-way house in music. He stands partly with the old-fashioned ways of music and partly with the ground from which Mozart soared into space. The Cathie Quartet (Messrs. Philip Cathie, T. Morrison, George Cathie, and A. Trew) was

responsible for the interpretation of the work. They played very finely and with a right sense of Haydn's fantastically sweet musical character. A Quartet in A Minor for two violins, viola, and violoncello, written by Mr. John B. McEwen, was played by the same artists. The work is cast according to a true, and rightly classical, mode, and it is clever in a singularly vital sense. Mr. McEwen has, moreover, adapted a certain Scottish tendency of musical thought to his fine feeling for harmony and counterpoint. With a little indulgence in the more resthetic side.

the more æsthetic side of his art, he should go very far. Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Edith Clegg, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and others, sang certain Pastorals for "Four Voices, String Quartet, and Pianoforte," selected, and set to music by Dr. H. Walford Davies.

A Good Friday Concert at the Crystal Palace is always of considerable interest to the public at large, and the entertainments announced for April 1 at that home of gigantic musical combinations are on a customary level of interest.
From information received from the authorities at the Palace, one gathers that the Choir will perform the "Stabat Mater," although it is not possible to gather which of the many settings of that most famous sequence—Rossini's, Palestrina's, Dvoràk's, or another's
—has been chosen for interpretation. Madame Alice Esty, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Charles Saunders, and Mr. Charles Santley are to be the vocalists of the occa-sion. Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford will also sing, and the chorus and orchestra, one is extremely glad to note, will perform under the hâton of Sir August Manns.

COMMON CHORD. In spite of the fact that her daughter,

pretty Miss Gladys Palmer, is already engaged to be married to the second son of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, Mrs. Walter Palmer is quite youthful-looking and has in no sense taken her place among the dowagers. Mrs. Palmer, not content with following in the footsteps of others, prides herself, and justly, in her remarkable power of discovering new genius. She was one of the first—if not the very first—musical hostesses who realised the wonderful gift of Kubelik, and her house is the Mecca of every aspiring musician. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer—the former is Member for Salisbury and head of the great firm of Huntley and Palmer—have a charming house in Mayfair where they Huntley and Palmer—have a charming house in Mayfair, where they entertain not only the great musical world, but also the more noteworthy literary celebrities,



MRS. WALTER PALMER, A LEADER OF MUSICAL SOCIETY IN LONDON. From a Crayon Drawing by Frederick Sandys, Photographed by the Cameron Studio.



Motors and Mud-Petrol-The Oldsmobile-Wind-Screens-Lord Ingestre.

Suburban residents, particularly church-going suburban residents, have much reason in their complaint that motor-cars can be as objectionable and as great a nuisance to foot-passengers keeping their legitimate foot-path in sloppy, muddy weather, such as we are o'er-blessed with these days, as they are when the dust lies thickly on the road-surfaces and ill-constructed cars raise it in clouds behind them. But the mud nuisance can be very largely mitigated by considerate driving over roads whence it is obvious that the pneumatic-tyred wheels must throw cascades of liquid mud on to the paths if the car is driven fast or holds close down to one side or other of the road. One may have seen this exemplified on Sunday mornings of late along any main suburban road frequented by church-going folk. Under such circumstances, the car-driver should hold to the very centre of the road whenever possible, and, if obliged to deflect therefrom in order to pass any vehicle, speed should be slackened so people on the foot-path are not sprayed with filth. When mud is squelched up from a puddle by the huge hoof of a dray-horse and bespatters the finery of the suburban Miss, it is taken as a natural occurrence, but when the slush is slung from the wheels of a motor-car the feminine vocabulary possesses no adequate adjectives.

Petrol, the spirit upon which, at the present moment, we more than chiefly depend for the propulsion of our cars, is still rising in price, density, and odour. While the cost here is considerably lower than in France, and modern carburettors carburate as efficiently with the heavy spirit as their predecessors did with the very volatile spirit of five years ago, there may not be too much to grumble about, so far as cost and specific gravity go; but we surely may be allowed to cavil at the wicked odours now given forth by petrol both before and after consumption. In filling up one's tanks, one's nostrils are greeted with the nauseating odour of bisulphide of carbon, which would appear to suggest that the spirit is receiving much less attention from the point of view of purification than in time past. Moreover, nowadays the gauze filters in the petrol supply, if not cleansed pretty frequently, will be found to choke up with a kind of silky fluff, which appears to be held in suspension in the spirit, but to condense on the gauze. I must leave it to petroleum experts to say what this substance may be, but, whatever it is, if not looked after, it ultimately means a roadside stoppage and a dismantling of petrol supply-pipes.

I am not surprised to learn that the little Oldsmobile car is gaining quite a *clientèle* in France, and this is the more remarkable as hitherto French automobilists have appeared so wedded to one type of vehicle. The progress made in their favour by this smart and most efficient little car is, therefore, further testimony as to its extreme suitability for the purposes of many motorists. In order to cope with the increasing demand on the other side of the Channel, I learn that Messrs. Jarrott and Letts have appointed Henri Fournier their sole agent in France.

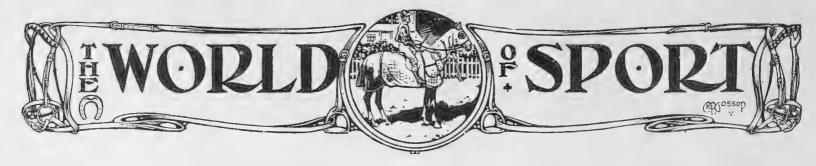
The desire for shelter on unprotected cars gives rise to all sorts of schemes and dodges to ward off the attentions of rude Boreas from dainty hats and delicate complexions. A few days ago, I noticed a lady, seated by the driver of a smart-looking, high-powered Talbot car, wearing—at least, I suppose I must say "wearing"—a large, circular mica screen, resembling nothing more than a huge battledore. The bat portion of the screen was supported and carried well in front of the head and face by a stout haft or handle, the lower end of which was lodged in a leather bucket secured to a strong waist-strap. The screen was kept from contact with the face by a shaped horizontal distance-arm which bore against the wearer's chest. Upon inquiry, I learnt that the lady was immensely pleased with the comfort afforded her by this device, as until it had been provided she had been unable to take car-rides in windy and cold weather. She assured me that in wearing the screen she now never felt any discomfort from the air impinging on her face.

Lord Shrewsbury was one of the first of the great Peers who became an enthusiastic motorist; indeed, the owner of Alton Towers, not content with motoring, very soon set himself to the congenial task of providing the world with motor-cars, and Lord Ingestre's automobile was his father's gift, and will doubtless be utilised by him and by his pretty bride during their honeymoon. Lord Shrewsbury used to be known as the "hansom" Earl, but now his friends will have to find for him some other title, for all the energy he once put into the hansom-cab business is now devoted to the British Automobile Syndicate, of which he is Chairman. He and Lord Ingestre are familiar with the working of every type of car, and their garages are famed in the motoring world, perhaps the most perfect being at Shavington, Lord Shrewsbury's hunting-box near Crewe.



LORD INGESTRE ON THE CAR PRESENTED TO HIM BY HIS FATHER, LORD SHREWSBURY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



The Spring Handicaps—The Royal Stud—Ascot—Steeplechasing

HE weights for the Spring Handicaps will not be published before Jan. 28, and the acceptances will be due a week later.
Until the latter have been published would-be backers should hold their hands. Indeed, in the case of the Lincoln Handicap, I advise waiting until the day of the race and then backing the firstfavourite. Already a number of horses have been talked about in connection with the Carholme race, and many bold backers have taken 25 to 1 about their fancies. It is said Sam Darling is very likely to have a dangerous candidate in Duke of Westminster, who range

the opinion of his trainer, he is very likely to win a good race or two the opinion of his trainer, he is very likely to win a good race or two this season. If the King is to win the Derby, it will be by the aid of Chatsworth, who has not yet run in public. He is an own brother to Mead and is a good-looking colt. His Majesty's other three-year-olds, Plinlimmon, St. Anselm, Perchant, and Piari, are all supposed to be useful and may win races. However, I think chief interest will centre in the running of Ambush II. for the Grand National. The horse, it will be remembered, fell at the very last fence, last year, when going well. As an Aintree winner he is entitled to respect, and I cannot see

how the handicappers could weight him out of the race. He may run at the next Kempton meeting.

The Ascot Meeting will open on June 14, a fortnight after the Epsom Summer Meeting, and I predict a right royal reunion, provided only the weather be propitious. I notice some of the critics say that the entry for the Ascot Gold Cup is a poor one, but I think if a dozen of the twenty-four entrants were to go to the post the race would be one of the best of the year. Sceptre will, as a matter of course, be the favourite of the public, although many good judges think that Zinfandel will easily beat the mare over this trying course. Last year's winner, Maximum II., will ably represent the French division, with Ob and Ex Voto, two very useful horses, by-the-bye. It is a bit in favour of French-trained long-distance horses that they are able to come through from end to end at top-speed, but some of the French jockeys are very bad riders. The Coventry Stakes for two-year-olds has attracted an immense entry, and it is safe to predict the same for the Royal Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes, two of the most attractive handicaps of the

The entry for the Grand National proves that owners are quite willing to enter their horses for valuable prizes, and I do not blame them, seeing that Old Joe would never have won the cross-country Blue Riband but for the fact that a dozen better favourites fell one after another in front of him. However, it is pretty safe to say that quite thirty of the horses entered for the Grand National of 1904 could not, on their book-form, win with the proverbial postage-stamp only in the saddle. Yet owners like to see their colours carried as far as possible over the Liverpool course. It is a pity that the best 'chasers, or many of them, are kept exclusively for the Grand National—that is to say, they are trained specially with a view to their covering the four miles and three-quarters at Aintree. As a consequence, when they compete over shorter distances on other tracks, they often cut up lamentably, as witness the performance of Ambush II. at Sandown Park last

meeting, although, in my opinion, far and away the prettiest race to watch is that for the Ascot Stakes.

year, previous to his masterly display at Aintree.

LADY CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH, A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN. Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

second to Ypsilanti for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton. But the horse is a very difficult one to train, and, if the first big handicap of the season goes to Beckhampton, I think it will be by the aid of Caravel, who is a smart horse when at his best. J. Powney has a dangerous couple engaged in General Cronje and Dumbarton Castle, the firstnamed a mudlark of a very tall order. Winkfield's Fortune, Bachelor's Button, and Littleton are all talked about for the race, but, as I have said before, I think backers should hold aloof until the day of the race.

His Majesty the King has some very smart two-year-olds under the charge of R. Marsh at Newmarket, and it is expected that the Royal colours will be carried to victory in the Molyneux Plate at Liverpool and in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. Of His Majesty's other horses, Mead has been entered for the Ascot Gold Cup. He was a most disappointing three-year-old, but he has improved with age, and, in

Lady Clifford of Chudleigh is one of the most brilliant and versatile members of the interesting group composed of Roman Catholic Peeresses. As hostess of Ugbrooke Park, one of the most beautiful

domains in the West of England, Lady Clifford often has occasion to entertain large house-parties, and not long ago the Prince and Princess of Wales spent some days with her and with Lord Clifford. A delightful peculiarity of Ugbrooke House is the perfect little theatre which was built by the present Lord Clifford, and where take place each year perhaps the most perfect and admirably organised private theatricals seen in this country. Both Lord and Lady Clifford act extremely well, and they always take leading rôles in the plays performed at their country-house. Early this month a particularly successful series of performances took place, the plays chosen being "His Excellency the Governor"—in which the part of the Private Secretary was taken by Lord Clifford—and "Sharps and Flats," a delightful burlesque by Mrs. de la Pasture, the well-known novelist, in which the author and her husband took part. Lady Clifford is also a very keen sportswoman.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ASHION'S superb disregard of climate inside the house is one of the most noticeable symptoms of that autocratic Madam's present mood. From America and Russia the custom is gradually gaining ground in this country of assuming airy-fairy wearables indoors in winter instead of the warm, heavy garments of a former régime. The improved method of heating houses by steam or hot-water radiators has much to do with the change, no doubt. We no longer are obliged to huddle round the hearth for warmth while the room's four corners are hovering above freezing-point. But it is not alone in the house that summer garments are possible in January. At most of the smart restaurants at home or abroad diaphanous dress is the order of day and evening. When in Paris ten days ago, for example, we spent several frivolous evenings at the Ritz. Everybody was more or less garbed in chiffon frock and a transparent lace hat, the only woman who wore any semblance of winter being a chic little Baroness dining there before going to a ball, whose tiara was exquisitely set as a series of icicles, each point terminating in a trembling diamond. The Parisiennes are nothing if not original.

By the way, I met there a friend whose unusual solemnity, in contradistinction to her ordinary cheerful aspect, so intrigued me that I ventured to ask if she had come to Paris with her great-aunt or had any other immediate special cause of distress. She presently confided that it was only the result of a "Beauty" doctor's prescription for wrinkles, "the immovable aspect," as well as a series of "Frown Plasters"—ye gods!—which are one of the latest absurdities of the cult, being the distressing régime to which this poor, silly woman had temporarily given herself up. What would Carlyle have said to that, I wonder? His ordinary English would have failed him at such an unutterable impasse, one feels certain. Though, after all, perhaps, from the husband's point of view, a packet of "Frown Plasters" may have solid as well as sticky advantages. How much cheaper, par exemple, instead of weakly giving way to Gwendolen in the matter

[Copyright.

A USEFUL GOWN FOR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

of a new motor, or to Cynthia over a Paris hat, to regretfully explain that, though funds will not run to it, a "Frown Plaster" can be always obtainable on application from an affectionate and interested spouse.

How completely black caracul has died the death! Last winter it was démodé, but this year it is absolutely dead, the fashion in fur coats

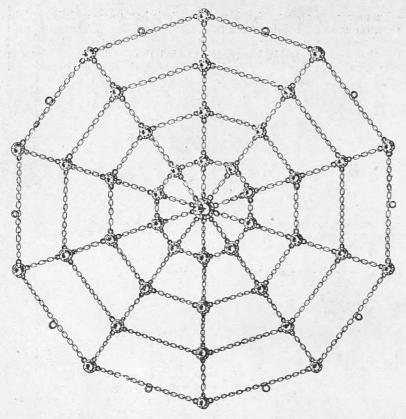


A PINK-AND-WHITE DINNER-GOWN.

being exclusively confined to sable and chinchilla for those who can afford it, and to mink and moleskin for those who cannot "run to" the aforesaid expensive skins. Black caracul trimmed with embroidered velvet, once the affected of Mayfair, is now, in fact, the inhabitant of remoter suburbs and fallen from its high estate. I only last week met one on the back of a friend's confidential maid, who had bought it "at a sale, Ma'am, marked fifty shillings in red ink, and twenty guineas it had been!"

The girl who is oppressed with a notoriously attractive mother generally has a "thin" time of it one way or another in this world, until one fine day the man who sees something in a modest youthfulness as opposed to a meretricious comes along and takes her out of the maternal hurly-burly. Then the insignificant, perhaps, and certainly much hitherto extinguished bride becomes a personage of some dimensions on her own account, and moves away out of range from the endless volleying and sham battles of a too attractive mother's plan of campaign. Nowadays, the mise-en-scène of such domesticities, with a distracting mother and a dull daughter as chief actors in the comedy, is, unfortunately, frequently visible. There is always, too, a certain pathos in such inversed positions, and, without going so far as the Frenchman who said that some women are panthers and the rest poetesses, I will affirm that the modern mother is very often as much too young as the daughter is too old—doubtless, in the recoil from her daily experience. We all know of the American girl who went about Newport saying, "I just wish Momma would marry again—it might tone her down!" But in most cases it wouldn't.

Women who are particular in the details of the coiffure will be interested in the new hair-dressing departure, which is practically a glorified and improved version of the rolled-over-back effects of the 'seventies. The hair is divided at the centre of back, one side being rolled over the other in somewhat the fashion of the



THE "JULIET" HAIR-NET AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

breakfast-roll. It increases the apparent size of the head, but is becoming, hairdressers affirm, to all. The Parisian Diamond Company, ever well in fashion's front, have brought out a hair-ornament for evening wear which applies equally to this new mode as well as the present. It is a little, diamond-studded, gold web and its inventors style it the "Juliet" hair-net. Its effect on fair or dark hair is equally charming, and the "Juliet" should have a great vogue in this season of universal party-giving. The most exquisite enamels—iridescent as a dragon-fly's wing—are now mixed with jewels, after special designs of the Parisian Diamond Company. They are unique and, comparatively, quite inexpensive, and it may be at once stated that to see them is to buy.

I never knew until the other day that women slept with their mouths open. What a disillusioning revelation! "But don't divulge it, for the sake of the sex," I asked Mrs. Adair. "It is for the sake of the sex," that wonderful woman answered, firmly, "that I must proclaim it aloud." "Not to accuse," she added, "but to cure. Just examine my Ganesh snoring-strap—yes, snoring: neither more nor less—it preserves the contour of the face, it shuts up the mouth in sleep, and it allows the rest of the weary household to leave off listening. I am selling them in dozens, both in Paris and Bond Street." I said no more, but I thought, "Oh, Tennyson! Oh, Gabriel Dante Rossetti! Oh, all ye minor poets! Do not shrink away from us." And, thereupon, straightway bought one. For how did one know what one might come to?

Americans decidedly understand the fitness of things. I saw in some directions on a packet of "Grape Nut Food," the other day, "For Babies. Soak the food in warm milk until soft. Don't overfeed." Here was the gist of the whole matter, a canon against which ignorant, fond mothers and nurses sin every day. Don't overfeed. Someone who knew how food is misused and then abused wrote that. And anyone buying "Grape Nut Food" must see it and will doubtless profit by the warning. Meanwhile, the said "Grape Nuts" are by no means a specialité of the nursery. Being already cooked, they should be served dry at breakfast and eaten with cream or milk. As a nutritious and economical food "Grape Nuts" are unrivalled.—SYBIL.

Mr. Walter Churcher, the well-known entertainer, will, in conjunction with Mr. Ulph Smith, give a Humorous, Dramatic, and Musical Recital at the Bechstein Hall next Wednesday evening (the 27th inst). On this occasion Mr. Churcher will recite several of his funniest pieces, Mr. Ulph Smith will play the piano and present some original Musical Sketches, and Miss Margaret Cooper will sing.

With our treacherous climate, one hardly knows from day to day whether to wear a light or heavy coat. The old-established and well-known firm of Doré and Co. have adopted an ingenious invention. It is a kind of satin-wool cloth for lining overcoats; it has the effect of making ordinary light summer-overcoats warm and comfortable without increasing their weight. With this useful satin-wool lining one can wear an overcoat almost all the year round and be independent of climatic influences.

MR. HARRY NICHOLLS' NEW PIECE.

Amateur dramatic performances at Bedford Park are, for reasons not difficult to discover, always less amateurish than elsewhere. Histrionic talent runs in the family of so many of the performers that excellence is almost inevitable. Last week the local Dramatic Club produced a new musical comedy, entitled "Another Girl," written by Mr. Harry Nicholls and composed by Mr. Cecil Cook. The book is so exceedingly amusing that its amiable improbabilities of matrimonial blundering become venial by contrast, and in musical comedy, of course, consistency is not essential. The work, indeed, ought at no distant date to find its place on the professional stage. The interpretation was safe in the hands of Miss Lucy Nicholls, Miss Manley, Miss Mabel Archdall, Mr. Grace, the redoubtable Mr. Alick Manley, and an accomplished body of supporters. Mr. Strickland Brown, as a Cabinet Minister, resembled to the very eye-glass a missionary of Empire, but he never once said "Fiscal." Mr. Cecil Cook has once more proved his talent as a composer of charmingly original music.

A COMPLIMENT INDEED!

Our attention has been called to the following verses, entitled "The Amateur," appearing in a recent issue of the Bristol Times and Mirror—

I'm an amateur actor, most modest of mien,
Though a foremost position I've held;
I've outshone Macready, and Kemble, and Keen;
I've Mathews and Sothern excelled.
May those who my amateur efforts deride
Be consigned to the care of Jack Ketch;
For I fear they will sneer at my natural pride
When I figure, full-page, in The Sketch.

My pathos is touching. My comedy tells,
When I show them my humorous vein.
I'm tragic as Irving when acting "The Bells";
I'm funny as quaint "Teddie" Payne.
Yet sometimes the critic will flippantly jeer
At my method. The critic's a wretch;
But what will he say should there some day appear
My portrait, full-page, in The Sketch?

I fill all the favourite rôles of the "stars,"
And the best of those "stars" I outshine!
The genius of Garrick, in drama or farce,
Was never a patch upon mine!
Though I'm looking to Fame for the boon I desire,
In her Temple a permanent niche,
My modest ambition would scarcely rise higher
Than a portrait, full-page, in The Sketch.

O, Fame! Hitherto I've had cause to complain, Though my acting has always been good; For the silly ones call me conceited and vain, And my modesty 's misunderstood! O grant me, I pray you, your coveted bays, Till my light o'er the wide world shall stretch; Till my envious rivals, awe-stricken, shall gaze At my portrait, full-page, in The Sketch.

"Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" for 1904 has just made its welcome appearance. It is as good as ever, and, in addition to its

usual familiar features, contains an interesting little article on "Schoolboys' Bowling," by Mr. F. R. Spofforth. Mr. D. L. A. Jephson contributes some remarks under the title "Play Back," and Mr. W. J. Ford deals exhaustively with "Public School Cricket in 1903." The "Five Cricketers of the Year" whose photographs appear are Mr. P. F. Warner, A. E. Knight, J. Gunn, W. Mead, and C. Blythe.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Weymouth, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Groves, have inaugurated the New Year by a round of gaieties which recall the traditions of the brilliant mayoralty of Sir John Groves, Mr. Groves's father, and go very far towards proving the possibility of Weymouth enjoying the advantages of a winter as well as a summer season. The programme included a juvenile fancy-dress dance, a ball "to meet Admiral Sir A. Wilson and the Captains



MISS GLADYS KEEN
As a Fairy Princess at the Mansion House Children's Ball.

1 hotograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

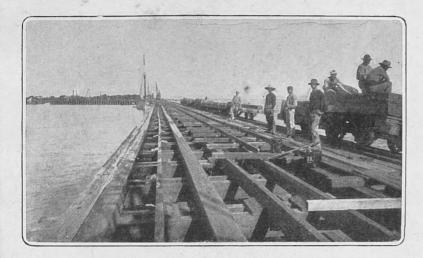
and officers of the Home Fleet," and a meet of the Cattistock Hounds, preceded by a breakfast. It is difficult to say which of the three was most successful.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 26.

Some South American Railway Stocks.

7AR-CLOUDS in the Far East might appear at first sight to have little connection with railways in the Far South-West, but the member of the Stock Exchange and the speculator know to their cost the flatness that impartially depresses a score of markets in sympathy with one. Argentine Rails move sharply in line



THE CENTRAL URUGUAY RAILWAY: SAUCE PORT PIER AND BREAKWATER.

with the political news, and Rosarios can now claim to fluctuate as erratically as any stock in the Yankee Market. Buenos Ayres Western is one of the cheapest stocks in this department. At its present price of 125 the Ordinary is undervalued to the extent of at least ten points, the Company occupying a position of strength which brings into favourable prominence the small amount of Ordinary stock that exists. When the markets get into something like normal stride, Buenos Ayres Western must inevitably advance.

One of the perennial revolutions to which South America is subject is now raging in the Republic of Uruguay, with the consequence that the Central Uruguay Railway Company has the greatest difficulty in collecting material for the compilation of its weekly traffic-returns. Our illustrations this week are of the Western Extension of this line. Nobody takes the "revolution" very seriously, and there seems no doubt but that in a few weeks' time all agitation will be again forgotten. The trouble in Uruguay with insurrectionists is regarded with less disquietude than the strike in Buenos Ayres, although, happily, the labour difficulties there are calming down. Central Uruguay Railway descriptions have scarcely fallen a fraction, and the firmness is significant of the way in which the Stock Exchange regards the "rebellion."

BANKS AND THEIR DIVIDENDS.

During the latter half of 1903, shareholders in Banking Companies had the rather unusual experience of hearing quite half-a-dozen of the best institutions named as none too secure. All kinds of the most absurd rumours got into circulation in the City, and their expulsion was not hastened by the knowledge that the various banks would have to write down their securities in a drastic manner when the time came for balancing at the end of the half-year. This being the case, there is considerable satisfaction felt amongst all who are interested in bank property at the remarkably good showing, in the circumstances, that the banks are able to make. Nearly all the principal institutions maintain their dividend of a year ago. The London and Westminster has had again to reduce its distribution, but in this case there are exceptional reasons to explain the fall. Thanks to the retained dividends (which have been followed by little recovery of the previous decline in the prices of Bank shares), the investments in this list are now paying a range of high interest upon money put into the market, and the conservative way in which the banks have treated their securities up to the end of last December is a recommendation for the soundness of their shares. Of course, the liability existing upon them causes Banking descriptions to be avoided by a large section of the investing community, but those who are not frightened by this far-away fear can now buy "Banks" at comparatively cheap prices.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I'm going to give it up!" declared The Broker. "It's really too awful for words.

"I thought you had renounced all these bad habits when you got rried," commented The Engineer. "Or do I mistake your married," commented The Engineer.

"What bad habits?" The Broker indignantly demanded. "I was referring to business secondly, and my membership of the House first."
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" apologised the assailant. "But there's

no need for you to renounce your membership. Business will certainly

revive in the stock markets, and then there will be long strings of clients waiting outside every broker's office in the City.'

The Banker laid down his spectacles and looked on in amazement. "Waiting for what?" he asked, with the dawn of a smile upon his placid countenance.

"To get into those offices for the purpose of giving orders," was The Engineer's categorical reply. "I admit that it may take time to fulfil my prophecy, but it's coming true, for all that."

The Broker looked at The Banker and shrugged his shoulders, as

though to deprecate such wholesale optimism.

"What do you consider the principal reason for our lack of business and the public's want of confidence?"

The Banker considered for a second or so.

"In my estimation," he returned, "the long-delayed export of gold from South Africa has much to do with the state of trade generally, while the fact that the new Colonies are practically still

closed to commerce is also a deterrent to Stock Exchange markets."

"That's true enough," agreed The Merchant. "We ought to be doing a huge trade with South Africa, and, instead of that, the people out there can't get rid of the stocks of goods and stuff which they have been holding for months."

"Where's our Kaffir guide?" cried The City Editor. "Why has be not given us his opinion on the subject this morning?"

The Jobber laid down his Financial Times, and coughed. "Lost my voice; that's why I can't talk. Punctured my hooter, so to speak."

The Carriage was simultaneously full of sympathy and suggestions

of remedies for a cold.

I shall have to let it run its own course, just like the Kaffir Market; but I raise hisper in defence of the shares. There's life in the old Circus-horse yet. Down my whisper in defence of the shares. with the bears!"

"Don't strain your voice," The Broker counselled. "You should have stayed at home to-day."

"I'd rather have the hump in the City than at home. There's more room for it, and, maybe, one gets rid of it quicker."

"That's a question," doubted The Engineer. "I believe the City wants the Stock Exchange to look up for it to be truly happy."

"How about Chamberlain and his meeting?" The Merchant

observed. "What's the use of that? A little effervescent excitement and

"What's the use of that? A little effervescent excitement and the thing is over. I can't make out why Mr. Chamberlain did not let things settle down peaceably after the War instead of starting this fiscal question."

"There's half-a-crown fine for anyone who mentions fiscalities,"
The Broker interposed.

"I hold the stakes," put in the afflicted one. "They will enable me to get a chop for lunch once more."

"Bah!" exclaimed The Engineer. "I don't wonder you 'puncture your hooter' if you make puns like that. Next, please."

The City Editor said he had a letter from a reader asking for a safe.

your hooter' if you make puns like that. Next, please."

The City Editor said he had a letter from a reader asking for a safe 4 per cent. investment. This brought The Broker to smart attention. "Several of the Home Railway Ordinary stocks do," he said. "Great Western as an investment, or Great Northern Deferred as more speculative. How would they do?"

"He says he has a partiality for something Scotch."

"Nothing better, with a little hot water, slice of lemon, and a lump of sugar."

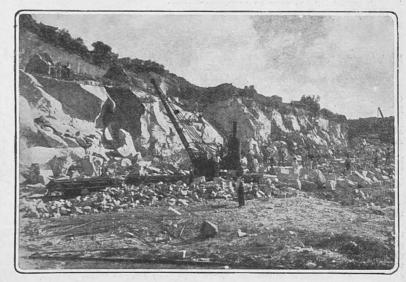
Disregarding his House friend, The Broker said it would be a long while before British or Caley things were likely to rise. "I'd rather be a bear of both than a bull," he added.

"I can mention the other Home Rails," The City Editor agreed. "Is there nothing else?"

"Is there nothing else?

"These Great Northern and City shares should be worth having," suggested The Engineer, who was an authority on tuberculosis as applied to railways.

"Are there not too many in the hands of the underwriters to make them a desirable purchase? I seem to have a recollection of some such suspicion in my mind as touching these shares?" and The Banker thoughtfully wiped his spectacles.



THE CENTRAL URUGUAY RAILWAY WESTERN EXTENSION: MEDICI'S STONE RAILWAY AND QUARRIES.

"I don't know what the position is now," The Engineer returned. "But even should it be the case, the line can be trusted to do exceedingly well."

The City Editor made a note of it on his paper. "I might, perhaps, say those, too, but I really wanted something a little less speculative."
"Southwark and Vauxhall Water should suit you down to the

ground -

"Ah, there's a good purchase!" The Broker interrupted, eagerly.
"That will pay him more than 4 per cent., in the end."
The Banker admitted a liking for some of the Colonial Corporation 4 per cent. bonds. "Melbourne Harbour Fours are a very sound investment," he considered.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said The City Editor. "Some of those should suit him, and I don't want to make too long a catalogue."

should suit him, and I don't want to make too long a catalogue."

"I'm getting jolly sick of saying nothing," The Jobber observed, as the conversation lulled. "Won't somebody.kindly ask me something and make me talk?"

The Engineer laughed. "What investments are there in the Kaffir Market?" he demanded. "Why, even Westralians pay better than South Africans."

South Africans."

"Yes, but how long're they going to do it? The old Kangaroo has a nasty knack of pinching out at a moment which generally happens to be highly convenient to bears with insider information than ever the shareholders get until it's too late."

"Well, tell us some of your Kaffir investments, let us call them,"

urged The Merchant.

urged The Merchant.

"Apex, City and Suburban, and Henry Nourse, for three, anyway."

"The first pays no dividend at all."

"Not at present. But, bless your wicked little soul, the shares are bound to have a pound rise directly the Kaffir Circus turns round."

"Tell us some more," begged The City Editor.

"Investments? Gold Fields Pref. or Anglo-French Pref. are good enough, aren't they? Oh, confound this cold!" and he leant back in his seat, coughing violently.

"Choke up, chicken," said The Broker, cheerfully, as he unconsciously but the wrong end of his cigar into his mouth.

unconsciously put the wrong end of his cigar into his mouth.

What followed we regret our inability to do justice to, but The Jobber told a friend later on in the day that the best thing in the world for a bad cold is a long roar of laughter.

"THE MINING YEAR-BOOK" AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from the Financial Times a copy of the new issue of their "Mining Year-Book." No more useful book of reference is produced than this well-known and very complete summary of all the latest available information in respect to practically every mine and Mining Company dealt in upon the London market. The information is concise, and tabulated in a form which makes comparison between the various Companies easy. Some four thousand Companies are dealt with, and, as far as we can see, the facts and figures are brought up to date in a remarkable way. A very complete list of mining directors, secretaries, and consulting engineers is added, and Mr. J. W. Broomhead's introduction, in the shape of a summary of the year's mining under the heading of the principal mining centres, such as the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Western Australia, &c., is most useful, and crammed with information. Altogether, for fifteen shillings, the work is a cheap and necessary adjunct to the library of every person who is interested in the mining markets.

Another little book, which has just made its appearance under

Another little book which has just made its appearance, under the title of "Industrial and Other Securities," fills a want which our Correspondence column tells us is widely felt. The book gives in tabular form a list of nearly two thousand securities yielding from 4 per cent. to 20 per cent., as well as the highest and lowest prices in 1902-3, and the par value in each case. It is published at one shilling.

The Mining Journal has just issued an interesting summary of new Mining Companies formed in 1903, from which it appears that the number of registrations was 430, with a capital of £41,376,000, or less than in any one of the last five years. Only twenty-nine of the concerns issued prospectuses, which speaks volumes for the effect of the 1900 Act, even when a very liberal deduction is made from the total number on account of reconstruction.

Saturday, Jan. 16, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

GLASS.—If you had read the instructions at the head of this column you would not

GLASS.—If you had read the instructions at the head of this column you would not have written to the City Editor.

WANDERER.—We would suggest (1) Lady's Pictorial Pref., (2) C. A. Pearson Pref., (3) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (4) British Westinghouse Pref., (5) Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock.

PARISIAN.—The people you name have the rare merit of paying when they lose, but you are very foolish to carry on your stockbroking operations through outside brokers, who merely run the stock against you and whose interests are therefore quite opposed to yours.

SKEPTIC.—See last answer.

H. A. J.—See answer to "Wanderer." You might put some of your money into the best Kaffirs, such as Rand Mines, Henry Nourse, or New Goch.

Inseius.—(1) Why put your question in the shape of a Chinese puzzle? Give the name of the concern you inquire about, and we can then look up the records and give you a satisfactory answer. Probably the Trust Company purchased on terms of giving the old shareholders fully paid shares. As you hold the Company's certificate, why bother about how you are entitled to it? (2) Whatever your friend calls his loss can make no difference to anyone, and won't increase or diminish it one farthing. To worry about such things is mere folly.

Consols.—Better draw your savings and hold the stock. You must run the risk of a war in the Far East.

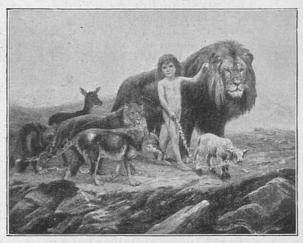


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